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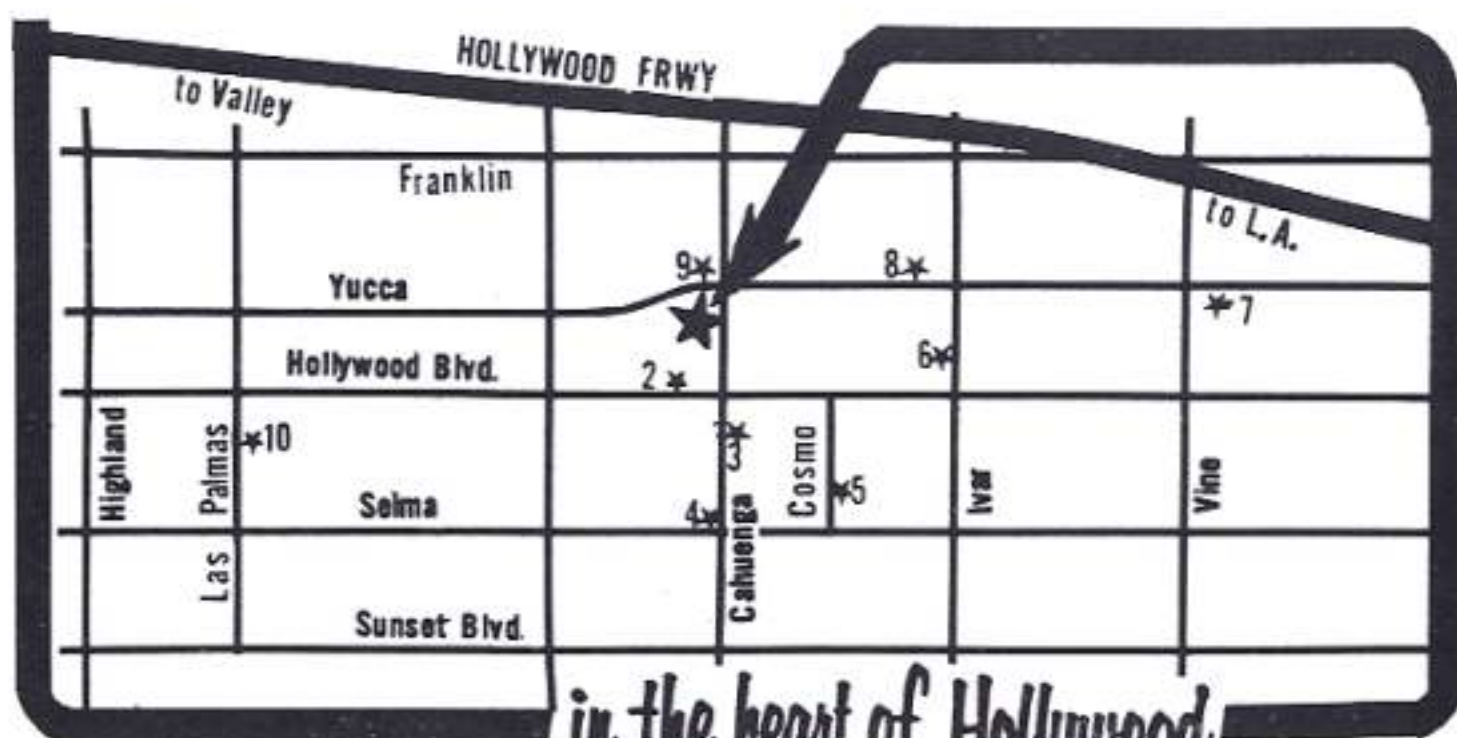
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IN TOUCH

celebrating gay awareness



vol. 1, no. 12

september 1974

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THE COVER: A smiling invitation to join the crew from Discovery John Millious. Photo by Dave Sands.

This Page: Alice Faye (page 14); Joe Jones, Earl Wilson, Jr., and Christine Rubens (page 28); Ron Clute and Karl Ellis (page 34); Nick Nolte (page 66); Dan Dalton and Chris Tomlinson (page 70).

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keeping *In Touch*

Dear IN TOUCH:

I am enjoying your June 1974 issue very much. As far as I'm concerned, it's the best one yet with the likes of Rick Gates, Wayne Metcalf and Ron Fraser to add weight to my opinion!

I want to especially commend the writing, and writer (John Marvin), of the Rick Gates article; it was one of the best celebrity articles I have ever read,

anywhere, of anyone. Hope to see his work used often.

IN TOUCH seems to be getting better with each issue; but should the level taper and settle at the June level, you'd have no complaints from me.

I am already scraping my pennies together to be ready to renew my subscription when the time for doing so arrives. And a special thanks to you, too,

for permitting me to subscribe for the half-year intervals; it sure makes it easier on my pocketbook.

Sincerely,
Dave Marvin

Dear Sir:

I liked June's issue more than any other. When I'd finished reading it, I felt very good, and happy to be gay. Thank you.

I was impressed with model Ron Fraser, and hope you'll offer a "Portrait" featuring him, as well as more exposure in your magazine. Also, the article on Broadway plays was *tremendously* well written! Real quality—just like all of IN TOUCH.

Sincerely,
C.C.

Dear Mr. Sheffler:

Just a quick note of GREETINGS, and to say that your Calvin Culver issue of IN TOUCH (July, 1974) is by far the finest you've put out to date!

The interview on Culver reads honest and very real, as does the one on Jerry Clark. I also thoroughly enjoyed Neal Weaver's critique on *My Fat Friend* ... all of which, not only in material content, but in writing style ... is among the best pieces in that issue. Congratulations!

Peace,
Raoul Appel

Thanks to all of you who write in with your suggestions and appreciation. All of us at IN TOUCH and those who work with us are always pleased when we please you and concerned when we don't. Your encouragement and thoughtful criticism will spur us to grow.


*From everyone at IN TOUCH,
thanks.*

The Editor

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September should bring a number of varied surprises. You should be feeling a volcanic increase in activity, added with a general feeling of optimism more strongly felt than ever before. Venus entering your sign during early September will add a graceful charm to your personality. You'll find you have a strong inclination to improve your looks by purchasing new clothes. The effect on others will generally be as if you have a brilliant aura surrounding you. This can be especially helpful in regard to love. However, with Mars still influencing your sign, you must watch your temper. There could be some problems with finances this month but they should work themselves out.

First Decan—August 23-Sept. 3

This month the social and recreational activities that you have been involved with may not have the same appeal to you that they used to have. However, you'll have a lot of activity going on for you. Try to use caution with your language. Mars can cause you to mutter a few words that will result in sudden arguments and thundering turmoil. Be realistic, Neptune has strong possibilities of causing some hazy illusions, so don't fool yourself. All friendships and affairs should flow smoothly. So spend more time with them, and enjoy what you have.

Second Decan—Sept. 3-Sept. 13

The planetary trends show that there may be a lot of thought on your career and working conditions. You generally could feel a little uptight around this time because of some uncertainty about your status at work. But it's all in your head; you have really nothing to worry about. During these last days of summer you'll find you want to be alone, spending time in tranquil reflection.

Third Decan—Sept. 13-22

You later Virgos have probably been feeling as if you have been overworking yourselves lately, but you really won't mind as long as you get cooperation from others. There are powerful indications that you may be getting it on with quite an intelligent guy, and it may lead to an exhilarating affair. However, a word of caution, take enough time to

In Touch

know this person if you have any intentions of making this a long-lasting relationship.

Libra—"The Balanced One"

New uplifts will occur with your social life. There are many indications that you will be meeting new friends who are involved with the arts. Surprisingly, one of these new friends might unexpectedly become involved with you in a small affair. Your employment will be keeping you quite active. With this overload of events you'll be feeling a strong need to rest, but you won't have much chance to. Planetary patterns indicate that some late Libras will be going through some heavy changes so "be prepared."

Scorpio—"The Powerful Scorpion"

This should be quite a peaceful month in which you will find you are involved more with your friends and social affairs. There may be a flash of an argument with one of these friends, though nothing that serious will result. Career matters should be going quite well with much cooperation from superiors. Any already established love affairs will keep on moving rather smoothly. On the whole, Scorpio, you should be experiencing a quite favorable month with many pleasurable moments.

Sagittarius—"The Archer"

Monthly aspects point to a great deal of concentration in your work. Some of this activity may cause strains that can be distressing to your nerves. A word of advice would be to remain cool and calm if any problems arise. . . . If superiors are critical toward you this month, just ignore their remarks and work toward preventing arguments. Venus trining your Sun can be beneficial in smoothing matters over. Close friends and your lover will be able to help you through this time. Also, because of Venus and Mercury's aspects, you have a good possibility of meeting new friends or becoming involved in a new affair.

Capricorn—"The Serious Goat"

As the summer ends, you may become more interested in intellectual pursuits and new studies. Your relationships should be quite stable now with much

with the stars

time being devoted to your lover. Indications show that if you have not been traveling lately you may be going on some journeys this September. One warning is that nerves may be strained this month especially in regards to your career. By keeping an optimistic attitude, you should be able to pull yourself through without too many problems.

Aquarius—"The Universal Lover"

New financial prospects are in the picture this September. There is a strong potential for a situation whereby you may be sharing your income with a lover or roommate. A favorable month is indicated and you should have the invigorating feeling of a new phase of life dawning and an old one ending. You'll be surprised to be receiving more positive reactions from others than you expected. For you more serious Aquarians, there will be a more vivid interest in philosophies and occult subjects.

Pisces—"The Mystical Dreamer"

September's Sun will cause a bright uplift in any relations that you're involved with at the present time. You'll find that your lover and close friends will have a better understanding of your needs. You also may find yourself assisting others more frequently. You single Pisces may find a regeneration in your love life. Planetary patterns indicate that you may be meeting a new guy; but one word of advice, try to cooperate with them in order to build a strong foundation for a relationship.

Aries—"The Innovator"

Be prepared! It seems a vast assortment of work will be occupying much of your time. Present relationships can cause you to wonder about the direction they are heading. However, with Mars' new position, you'll be feeling a renewal of energy especially in regards to present love affairs. Your lover will probably show a strange combination of aggression and gentleness toward you. Entertainment will still have a tremendously appealing impact this month and you may squander a lot of money on the theater or shows.

Taurus—"The Gentle Bull"

Oh Taurus! It seems you have been pa-

tiently waiting for a new love affair to materialize. Now it seems September's winds will be blowing a few more brighter days. Indications show it will be very favorable to begin an affair now. A new love interest can help you bring new outlooks to old conditions in life. It seems your life will be more in harmony this month. If you're involved in any theatrical or artistic pursuits, this can be the time of possible recognition in your field. Spending time on creative projects can be beneficial this September.

Gemini—"The Dualistic Charmer"

I hope you're ready, Gemini! That autumn breeze will probably bring cyclones in your life this month. An avalanche of events will happen, making it almost impossible for you to keep pace with yourself. There are powerful indications that you may be changing your address or redecorating your home in addition to meeting an endless stream of new faces. Though in the midst of confusion your career will be flowing smoothly. If you're an artistic Gemini, creative projects can materialize this month. And as September draws to an end, you may acquire some gratifying surprises in the mail.

Cancer—"The Emotional Crab"

This September you should find financial conditions quite good with some extra cash flowing in. However, Cancer, you'll probably end up spending much of your time on quiet, intellectual pursuits. There are indications that you may be thinking or planning on moving soon, though you probably will not take any immediate action. This is an excellent time to catch up on correspondence, to learn new things or to just take time to get your head together.

Leo—"The Romantic King"

Leo! This will be a tranquil and calm period. The planetary indications show that you may fall a little short money-wise, so be careful of any extravagant squandering now. With Venus in Leo in early September you'll be feeling a sensation of tremendous improvement within yourself, with a good possibility of attracting a new affair, quenching your heart's longings. Many pleasurable activities will draw your attention this September so enjoy yourself, but don't go overboard.

—DONN DEMIAN



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In Touch comments

There is a widely circulated and spiteful rumor that Gays dominate various creative art fields, not so much by their creativity, as by control of hiring and firing. For example, popular young actor Martin Sheen, who recently played a much-praised gay role on TV, complained loudly nine years ago about homosexuals in charge of casting: "I could have been on Broadway my first year if I had cooperated." That same year, dancer Gene Kelly bitched that homosexuals had given dancing a bad name, driving out almost all virile types.

If it is true, as often charged, that you can only get your work to the public by doing your turn on the "casting couch," it seems surprising that so little openly gay work gets to the public, at least outside New York. Are we left with the conclusion that there aren't yet any top quality artists doing openly gay work? Their knowledge of market conditions might certainly influence that decision. But what of the persistent rumors that artists from George Eakins to Paul Cadmus and George Platt Lynnes left a large body of work in private collections that was too frank for public showing (by the standards of fifty or twenty years ago—certainly not by today's standards)?

Non-gay critics have complained repeatedly in *Time* magazine or the *Saturday Review* that homosexuals dominate the publishing field, that a non-Gay can hardly get a book published, or if published, can't get it reviewed in the prestigious journals, and will simply never be invited to the really in cocktail parties where reputations are made or broken.

Strange thing! Nearly every gay writer I know has the opposite complaint. They can't get their works past the solid wall of apparently het publishers, reviewers, distributors, book dealers. A lot of painters whose work is devoid of recognizable gay significance may in fact be personally gay, but listen to the artists who can't find a gallery to display openly gay graphics—and I don't mean just fuck pictures. We hear hets com-

plain that fags have sewed up the popular music business . . . but how many gay lyrics have you heard intact on the top-30 chart lately?

INTACT is the key word. Saying what you want to say the way you want it said. Writer after writer has tried to deal with gay themes both responsibly and frankly, and his work gets bent out of shape to please a generally het publisher's whim as to what will supposedly sell—and even after a manuscript is purchased, publishers feel free to make extensive unilateral changes which radically and stupidly alter the story's intent and effect.

Older readers will recall the gay novels of the 1950's, with their sudden-death endings which transgressed severely the novel's tone, logic and flow.

These endings were tacked on by the publisher because he needed the legal defense (gay novels then almost always ended in court) of claiming that since the main character met violent death, the novel—however much it might seem to defend homosexuality in passing—was really intended to show that crime doesn't pay!

Unfortunately, even after publishers lost this practical reason for distorting the real point of a story, the fouling continued, more so after it became permissible to treat sex with frankness. Gay writers quickly found themselves betwixt and between, with most paperback publishers wanting nothing but sex (and having idiosyncratic ideas about what kind of sex would sell—ideas often at odds with what many gay readers expected) with little concern for solid characterization or narrative, while most hardback publishers wanted superior writing but blue-penciled anything between the sheets.

A writer is admittedly not always the best judge of his own work; but the hacking up of a competent writer's work is not to be undertaken lightly. Where a little discreet pruning might be needed, butchery often results, often for reasons as trivial as a publisher's requirement (which he didn't mention to the writer) for books which will print out to, say, exactly 156 pages.

So repeated calls have gone out in recent years from gay writers frustrated in their attempt to tell their story the way they feel it should be told, proposals to form some sort of Gay Writers and Artists League, or perhaps a coop publishing venture.

Gay novelist and civil libertarian Larry Townsend has recently sent out an open letter calling on gay writers, artists, musicians and actors to pool their ideas on this problem. We need to find ways to protect both the artist's interest in his individual work, and the interest of the gay community in having such works generally available and adequately produced.

If you have ideas as to how to break through the "Establishment's" wall of resistance, write to Larry in care of the Whitman-Radclyffe Foundation (Los Angeles and San Francisco), which might be able to find ways to finance meaningful projects.

—JIM KEPNER



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A couple months ago, driving to Las Vegas, a friend and I noticed a large neon sign alongside the freeway which read "The Bun Boys." We joked about it, then more or less forgot about it. But after my friend crawled into the backseat for a snooze while I drove on, the thought of that sign returned. Had the owners meant it to be funny—or was my dirty mind working overtime? Then I recalled how my traveling companion had picked up on it too. If my mind was dirty, so was his.

But what about everyone else traveling that route? Surely "The Bun Boys" meant something extra to quite a few who passed.... I drove on wondering just what percentage of them had an interest in "buns," "fannies," rear ends or "arses," as a Canadian friend of mine calls them.

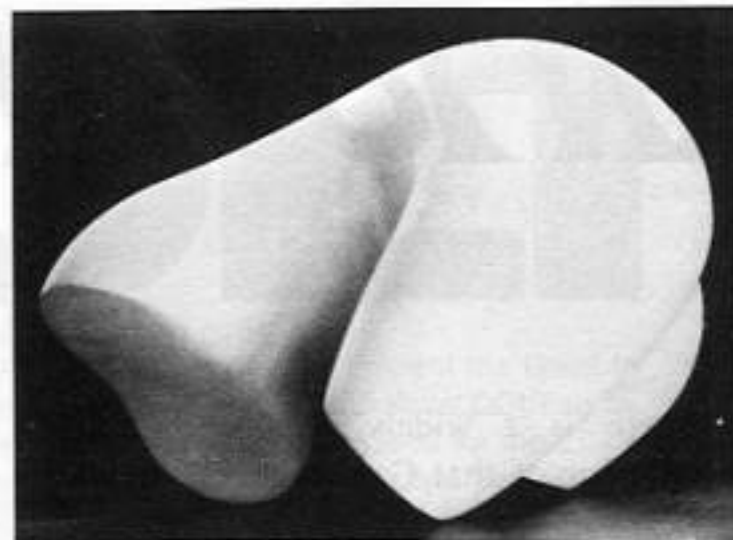
I personally don't think anyone should be called a deviate for admiring a well-formed butt. It is a part of the anatomy which has fascinated some of the world's greatest artists.

That Canadian friend of mine I mentioned had once called to tell me he was about to present me, as a house-warming present, a gift of a marble "arse" he had made. At first I pictured something lewd and ugly, but I thanked him anyway and forgot all about it.

A few days later I got a phone call from my Canadian friend. Though I still hadn't unpacked his gift, I assured him that it had arrived safely and that it was beautiful. He agreed with that, saying that it had won first prize at an art exhibit. I said I could see why—feeling guilty and embarrassed that I hadn't seen it at all.

So I got my screwdriver and set to work. It was packed solid. But when I finally laid it bare I was amazed and relieved to find how really beautiful my gift arse was. The more I studied it the more beautiful it became.

I felt it. Ran my hands all over its smooth contours, and feeling my rising erotic sensations, I realized what I might have felt had it been "the real thing."



Needless to say, my "arse" has occupied a select location in my home, so everyone who comes in can enjoy its beauty. And they do. It gets constant compliments and quite a few have offered to buy it. But I'll never part with my "arse," not just because it was a gift from a friend, but because it was an exceptional gift from a creator who put long hours into making such a thing of beauty. And that beauty isn't in the original marble, but in the shape it was given, which of course was of that part of the human anatomy known medically as the gluteous maximus.

Until that long night drive toward Las Vegas, and thinking about that sign, I'd never considered improving my own personal arse, but that night I made up my mind to do something for it.

Since then I've tried several exercises which I hoped would give me some results. And after all my years of working out, I couldn't recall a single exercise designed specifically to work on the butt.

By trial and error, I arrived at a couple that have helped me.

The first is deep knee bends with a wide foot spacing. An important thing is to keep your feet flat. Rising on your toes will throw the workload into your legs instead.

The second exercise can be done without weight. All you need is a series of flights of stairs. Then start running up, taking two, or if you can, three at a time. A bit of caution: I know of no other exercise that works your cardiovascular system as well. So make sure there's no basic trouble there, and go easy at first, but after a few weeks you should be taking on 20 or more flights, three steps at a time. By that time you should be in fair condition to take a Best Butt trophy in any physique contest.

—JIM CASSIDY



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IT HAD TO BE ALICE FAYE

by Douglas Dean
photos researched by Hugh Harrison

She was the golden girl of the Thirties and early Forties, the dimpled darling of our daddies, and the blue-eyed honeyblonde sweetheart of many of us who might have become daddies, if we'd chosen to go that route. She sang and danced her way through threescore of the top musical films of that era. Warm and womanly, luscious and lovely, she seldom lost control or threw things when Tyrone Power or Don Ameche or John Payne were mean to her. She was a lady. Her lip would tremble, she would shed a tear or two ("What I've been through has been agony," she would say to Carmen Miranda or Jack Oakie or whoever happened to be playing the role of her best friend that time around), and it was the cue for introduction music on the sound track. The audience would sit spellbound while she sang a soft blues number. How *dared* that guy be so nasty to our beloved heroine?

But of course Ty Power or Don Ameche or John Payne always realized what a heel he'd been and came back begging forgiveness, and there was a happy fadeout. After all, she was Alice Faye, named by *Showmen's Trade Review* as the nation's outstanding female box-office star in 1940 (above Myrna Loy and Bette Davis) and it would never

have done for the handsome leading man *not* to return to her. The fans would never have stood for it.

Then, at the height of her career, Alice Faye decided to retire. Betty Grable, Rita Hayworth and even Ginger Rogers took over scripts and roles which had been tailored to the Faye personality. Except for a single appearance in 1962, when she played Pat Boone's mother in a remake of *State Fair*, she left the movies forever. That was 1945.

Now in 1974 suddenly she's back with us, just as luminous, just as sweet and lovely (and a better actress) as the co-star of *Good News*, a joyous college musical set in the period of the Thirties. The show has played San Francisco, Chicago and St. Louis and is presently in Los Angeles (September 3-October 20) on a pre-Broadway tour and is due to open at the St. James Theatre in New York on November 3rd.

The critics have called *Good News* "refreshing," "ebullient," and just about every other favorable adjective one can think of. Alice's part of a rather grumpy astronomy professor isn't a particularly sympathetic one, but when she sits alone on a bench and sings "Together" in that marvelously throaty voice, and when she joins John Payne in a duet to "You're the Cream in My Coffee,"

doing the old soft shoe, she is impossible to resist.

Recent years have shown the development of a phenomenon, an Alice Faye cult quite different from the cults which have worshiped and followed Judy Garland or Marlene Dietrich, for example. Alice Faye has never appeared in concert. Yet a steady band of acolytes has increased and grown. Alice Faye Cinema Clubs in London and San Francisco are especially active. They show her films to the membership at least once a month. W. Franklyn Moshier, a San Francisco teacher, shows Faye films in a theatre he has constructed in his garage and has also just published the *Alice Faye Movie Book* (Stackpole Press) which chronicles the star's entire career, with text and a vast selection of photos.

I met Alice at a press conference and then later at a private party. I asked her if she was nervous about returning to the stage. She hadn't worked "live" before an audience since she was a teenager.

"Oh, my, yes," she admitted. "I was terrified. I could never have done it without the coaxing of Ruby and Patsy and Debbie and Joan." (Keeler, Kelly, Reynolds and Blondell, of course.) "I was really scared."

"Is it true that you asked for John Payne to be your co-star?"

"Yes. I told Harry Rigby, the producer, I'd only do the show if I could have someone I knew—like John—as my co-star. I knew I'd feel comfortable with him. We made four films together. I hadn't seen him in seventeen years, but I knew we'd work well together. Harry contacted him and when he said yes—well, I was hooked. I knew I *had* to do the show then!"

"How do you feel about working on stage in comparison to emoting before the camera?"

"Oh, I loved films. But I love what I'm doing now, too. In this new medium I feel like I'm learning to walk. I'm gaining confidence as I go."

"Then you're less apprehensive now about playing on Broadway?"

She smiled. "In Boston, Carol Channing came to see the show. And in Washington, Ethel Merman saw it. If that didn't kill me, nothing will!" (One recalls that the great Merman once complained to the press that her film career never got off the ground at 20th Century-Fox because "the studio always had some cuddly honeyblonde who got all the attention." No doubt this is what Alice is remembering when she says that if she survived Merman's criticism in Washington, she'll do all right in New York.)

"In so many of my pictures," she went on, "I was the star of a big show going to London. Now it's really happening . . . I'm a firm believer in fate, you know. When Harry Rigby asked me to do *Good News* it was the right time, the show was the right vehicle, and I was ready for it."

It's not surprising that Alice Faye is convinced that chance—or destiny, as she might term it—has played so strong a part in the shaping of her career. At 18 she was a chorus girl in *George White's Scandals* when Rudy Vallee heard her sing at a party. He put her on his radio show. (She fainted dead away in front of the mike after her first number.) Then he took her with him to Hollywood to do the *Scandals* on film. Lillian Harvey, the star of the movie, walked out and Alice got the part. Public response to Alice Faye was immediately favorable, but she did not become a top star overnight. Twentieth Century-Fox (or "Penitentiary Fox" as she

sometimes laughingly refers to the studio) groomed her slowly. She appeared in a long succession of films, in many of which she was made up as a carbon copy of Jean Harlow, with platinum hair and plucked eyebrows.

In 1937 came the second or third time that fate gave a big boost to Alice's career. A role had been tailored for Jean Harlow in a film to be called *In Old Chicago*. In June of 1937 Harlow died. Henry King, the director, urged Darryl Zanuck to let Alice play the part. It was a lusty yet sympathetic role which catapulted her to top Hollywood stardom.

"Henry King is a great man," Alice says today. "One of the greatest. I'll never forget what he did for me."

Alice's love scenes with Tyrone Power were some of the most torrid ever put on film. They were immediately co-starred again in *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, another blockbuster. Meanwhile, off the screen, Alice fell in love with and married Tony Martin. Their union didn't last. "It was nobody's fault," says Alice. "We were always apart, that's all. [Martin didn't score heavily in films, and had his greatest success on the nightclub circuit.] I had to send him telegrams to communicate with him."

Rose of Washington Square (again with Ty Power), *Hollywood Cavalcade* (her first film in Technicolor), *Lillian Russell* and *Tin Pan Alley* were among her biggest hits of the early Forties.

"Is it true that there was a feud between you and Betty Grable?"

"Of course not," Alice retorted quickly. "We were totally different types and we weren't rivals at all. We became and remained good friends until she died. When I was in Las Vegas I always visited Betty and we enjoyed each other's company. Our supposed feud was good publicity, I guess, but it wasn't real at all."

Don Ameche was Alice's favorite co-star. They made six films together, the last being *That Night in Rio* in 1941.

After *The Great American Broadcast* in 1941 Alice married orchestra leader Phil Harris in a ceremony in Mexico. Today, more than thirty years later, in spite of much press and public skepticism expressed at the time of their wedding and in spite of a few problems over the years, they are still married. They have two daughters and four grandchildren. "We don't see each other very



OPPOSITE: Alice Faye today as she prepares for the Broadway opening of *Good News*. TOP: Alice and her mother when she first arrived in Hollywood in 1934. ABOVE: Alice with her first husband, Tony Martin, in 1939. BELOW: Alice and Phil Harris, her second husband, in the nursery shortly after the birth of their second child. BOTTOM: Alice and Phil during their long-running radio show. Their guest is Andy Devine (right).





much," Alice said with a wink at her press conference in San Francisco. "That's the only way to stay married."

Following *Week-End in Havana*, *Hello, Frisco, Hello*, and *The Gang's All Here*, Alice made *Fallen Angel* in 1945 and then walked off the lot ("I was horrified at the way they had edited it!"). She didn't return till *State Fair* in 1962.

But she wasn't idle. She and Phil Harris had their own radio show from 1946 till 1954, and during the Sixties she made several guest appearances on TV variety programs. She's genuinely surprised and delighted, now that she's embarking on a new career in the theatre, to find that so many people remember her from all those lush musicals she did in the Thirties and Forties.

What was it about Alice Faye which gave her such a special appeal on the screen? What quality is it that makes her just as endearing to audiences today in 1974 as she was thirty years ago? I have found it fascinating to speculate on this subject, while researching this article and while talking with Alice herself.

Was it her dancing which made her a star? Hardly. (*Time* magazine in its review of *Tin Pan Alley* in 1941 gave Betty Grable credit for "the meaner wiggle.") Speaking of *Good News*, Alice said, "Of course I'm thrilled by the ovations we're getting. Who wouldn't be? But John [Payne] and I can't help feeling a little dumb about the whole experience. Quite often when something goes wrong on stage—and we do make mistakes now and then!—say, in our dance number to 'You're the Cream in My Coffee'—he'll turn me around and whisper, 'What in the world are we doing here?'"

Her singing? Well, Irving Berlin declared that there was no one he would

rather have sing or introduce a number of his than Alice Faye. Yet careful listenings to the albums just released which contain her greatest hits ("Never in a Million Years," "This Year's Kisses," "You Turned the Tables on Me," "No Love, No Nothin'," etc.) reveal that she had a voice of pleasant enough quality with a direct no-nonsense way of selling a number, but a sensational song stylist she wasn't—and still isn't today.

Was she an outstanding actress? She was certainly competent, and her performance in the Mack Sennett sequences in *Hollywood Cavalcade* was delightful—but an actress in the Bette Davis/Katharine Hepburn mold she never was, and probably never aspired to be.

Was she, in her prime, a great beauty? No, she wasn't that, either. True, she had a voluptuous figure and in period costumes she radiated a definite sensuality, but nobody today would list Alice Faye as one of the outstanding beauties in the history of the screen or as a sexy *femme fatale*. She was never a sex symbol in the way that Grable and Marilyn Monroe were. (In 1974 she is pert, slim and attractive. "I keep in good shape," she told me. "A little golf and two visits a year to Main Chance. I also swim a lot.")

She often played characters who were a bit on the trashy or common side, but she was never common herself. This, I think, is the key to Alice Faye's unique appeal. One always felt that beneath the cheap exterior of her screen characters was a human being of true worth, a person of dignity and depth. In her performances there were glimpses of something more than a brassy chorus girl or a street-corner tramp. In this respect she was set apart from Grable and Monroe. (I never heard a smutty story about Alice Faye, did you?) Alice Faye was a *lady*, and instinctively everybody realized it. Everybody is still aware of it today.

Beyond this, Alice Faye's screen image projected a vulnerability, an openness and susceptibility to hurt which made women sympathize and identify with her and which made men want to protect her. When, in *In Old Chicago* in the midst of one of their fight scenes, Ty Power holds her down on the floor or presses her tightly against the wall,

TOP OF PAGE: When Rudy Vallee came to Hollywood in 1934 from George White's *Scandals*, he brought Alice with him. The film version of the Broadway show was her film debut for 20th Century-Fox. MIDDLE: Miss Faye co-starred with George Raft in *Every Night at Eight* for Paramount in 1935. This was one of her rare non-Fox films. ABOVE: In 1936, Alice starred with Shirley Temple and Jack Haley in *Poor Little Rich Girl*. OPPOSITE, top of page: Alice leads the ensemble in "You Turned the Tables on Me," one of the production numbers in *Sing, Baby, Sing*. OPPOSITE, 2nd row, left: Sally, Irene, and Mary featured Alice, Joan Davis, and Marjorie Weaver in a story of manicurists who became chorus girls. Tony Martin co-starred and their marriage soon followed. OPPOSITE, 2nd row, right: Alice and Tyrone Power in *In Old Chicago* in 1938. This film began Miss Faye's era of superstardom at Fox. OPPOSITE, 3rd row, left: Again with Power in one of her biggest successes, *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, Alice sang Irving Berlin's "Now It Can Be Told." OPPOSITE, 3rd row, right: In a film loosely based on the Fanny Brice story, Alice had the title role in *Rose of Washington Square*. Here she is seen with Al Jolson. OPPOSITE, bottom left: In *Hollywood Cavalcade*, Alice starred and Buster Keaton had a cameo role. OPPOSITE, bottom right: In a rare straight dramatic role, Alice was starred with Warner Baxter in *Barricade*.

women can understand her conflict: they know she is furious with Power, yet physically attracted to him at the same time. The men in the audience can see through Power's machinations; they sympathize with Alice and want Power to come to his senses.

In person Alice Faye projects the same feeling of wholesomeness and warmth which was there in all of the roles she played on screen. She is genuinely touched by the displays of affection made by her fans. "I didn't realize so many people remembered me!" she exclaims.

But not everybody remembers her. Alice tells this rather amusing story on herself. "Phil and I were on a plane a couple of years ago, and there was a little old lady who kept staring at me. I smiled at her, but she continued to stare, as if she were puzzled and still couldn't figure out who I was.

"Reporters were at the airport—Chicago, I think it was—and Phil and I had to pose for pictures. The lady continued to stare. Then she brightened. Finally when we were finished with the pictures she walked up to me. 'I *knew* I recognized you!' she said. 'From the movies. Tell me—how did you *ever* learn to skate so well?'

"'Oh,' I replied, 'that wasn't me, honey. They used doubles.'"

Alice chuckles as she recalls this incident, but Arthur Nicholson, her number one fan and friend, explains that she wasn't being flippant with the lady. She really didn't have the heart to disillusion the old girl by confessing that she wasn't Sonja Henie.

"In 1970," Arthur told me, "when Alice was in London we arranged for a chauffeured limousine to take her to the Savoy where we were showing one of her films. A lady had left a simple coin purse at the hotel desk to be delivered to Alice as a gift. Alice insisted that we find the woman who, fortunately, was present for the showing. Alice embraced her and kissed her and there were tears in her eyes. She was so touched by the old woman's gesture."

I attended a small party for Alice Faye at Lefty O'Doul's restaurant in San Francisco after one Monday night showing of *Good News*. Many members of the local fan club had been present at the performance and they had given her an ovation at her entrance. "It was





breathtaking," Alice said. "I didn't tell the kids in the show that my friends and fans were going to be in the house. Everybody was really startled."

I sat at a table with Alice, who accepted a small glass of sherry. She looked charming in a cream-colored blouse with a brown sleeveless jacket, a green scarf at her throat. A ring she was wearing caught my attention. It was a simple medium-sized, rose-colored cut, a stone I didn't recognize.

"Oh," she said, without hesitation slipping it off her finger and handing it to me, "it's an alexandrite. My brother Bill sent it to me from Bangkok."

She was autographing photos and programs as we talked.

"When I was coming to the theatre tonight I noticed that Jose Ferrer is playing in *The Sunshine Boys* right next door to you in *Good News*. It's interesting that Ferrer directed you in your last picture, and here you are a dozen years later, playing in hit shows right next door to each other. Quite a coincidence."

She looked vague and lifted an eyebrow. But she remained silent. Then I remembered. Ferrer had indeed directed her last picture, *State Fair*, and it had not been too successful. No wonder my remark had fallen on the table with a dull thud! (Frankly, I was pleased to discover that Alice Faye was not all syrupy sweetness, but also had a touch of acid in her nature.)

"Of the many, many songs you sang and introduced in your pictures, did you have a special favorite?"

"Oh, I loved them all," she replied, the veil lifted and enthusiastic again. "But I guess my personal favorite was 'You'll Never Know'."

An Oakland man was present, carrying a large scrapbook. He opened the book to reveal sheet music from Alice's films. "I'm missing two," he said, a bit sadly. "I've got the sheet music for every song you sang in films, except those two."

Alice was enthralled. She studied the scrapbook with interest. The man also had some cutout dolls which were sold in the stores when Alice was at the height of her fame. "Oh, yes," she said, laughing, "I remember those!"

"Are they going to let you keep that dress you wear in *Good News*—the one from the 'I Want to Be Bad' number?" I

asked. "It's a stunner."

"Isn't it nice? I *hope* they'll let me keep it. But really, I don't know about that dress. I don't know if it's going to last for the run. We've only played 200 performances and already it's coming apart. I think they'll have to replace it. . . . It's very heavy, you know. It must weigh at least ten pounds, maybe more. On matinee days I can hardly wait to get out of it. But it *is* beautiful—all those beads and sequins. . . ."

"I suppose you know there's been a big upswing in the sales of your record album. I tried to buy one at a local store. They were sold out."

"Really? I didn't know that. How nice!" Then she laughed. "I don't mean it was nice you couldn't buy an album. I mean it was nice the store had been doing good business."

"Are you going to do an album of *Good News*?"

"Yes," she said. "In fact, we were supposed to have recorded the score long before this. I don't know why we haven't." She looked vague again. "They're still making cuts and changes in the show, of course. Maybe that's why there's a delay in cutting the album."

Earlier we had discussed the original script of *Good News* and talked about how her role of the astronomy professor had been built up for the current version. (In fact, in the 1927 production the astronomy professor had been a man.) "I understand my part in the original show was very small." It struck me as odd that she seemed to know so little about the original *Good News* and how her part had been enlarged and how, as leading lady of the current production, she was so in the dark about what was happening with it. Then I remembered that Alice Faye was a product of the old-time studios, which were run by bosses with iron fists. Contract players did what they were told, and no nonsense about it. Alice Faye learned how to do her own work, mind her own business, and let other people handle their own responsibilities. She *trusts* others—a remarkable thing in itself. (It's not up to *her* to decide when the record album is to be cut; that's the producer's job and she lets him do it.)

Although she jokingly refers to her old studio as "Penitentiary Fox," it's clear that she recalls her days as top star

of the lot with tenderness and affection. That's not too surprising. All actors have ambivalent feelings about their employers; they hate them and love them at the same time.

"I was heartbroken, going back to Fox when I made *State Fair*. The studio wasn't the same. In the old days we were like a happy family. Tyrone, Don, and of course, John," she said. "I was so fortunate. I worked with some of the greatest people in the business."

Arthur Nicholson announced that at Christmastime thirty-five members of the London fan club are flying to New York to see *Good News* and to spend at least part of the holidays with Alice. When she heard this announcement Jeannie O'Doul, a close friend of Alice's, murmured softly, "Such love. Such love. It's fantastic."

All this time Alice had been signing pictures and photos. It was clear that she had had a long day and was tired. "Have I taken care of everybody?" she said, glancing around and at last standing up to leave. "Did I take care of everybody?"

Later that night, alone in my apartment, I played one of Alice's recordings. As I listened to the lyrics of "You'll Never Know," it occurred to me that those words might very well express the sentiments of any Faye fan, wherever he lives, whatever his age.

"*You'll never know just how much I miss you . . . you'll never know just how much I care . . . and if I tried, I still couldn't hide, my love for you. . . .*"

Yes. It's *Good News* that Alice Faye, after so many years in retirement, has come back to reclaim her crown as a queen of the American musical. "Really," she says, "I never thought of myself as the queen of anything!" But she is.



OPPOSITE, top of page: *Little Old New York* in 1940 starred Richard Greene, Alice, and Fred MacMurray. OPPOSITE, center, above: Another big hit of that year was *Lillian Russell* with Alice in the title role and also starring Don Ameche and Henry Fonda. OPPOSITE, center, right: The final big hit of 1940 was *Tin Pan Alley* which co-starred Alice, Betty Grable (their only film together), John Payne and Jack Oakie. OPPOSITE, center below: Again with John Payne, Alice starred in *Weekend in Havana* in 1941. OPPOSITE, bottom left: Re-teaming again with Payne in 1943 for *Hello, Frisco, Hello*, they share a scene with co-star Laird Cregar. This film introduced her biggest hit, Oscar-winning "You'll Never Know," Miss Faye's favorite song. OPPOSITE, bottom right: 1945 saw the release of *Fallen Angel* in which Alice appeared in her second dramatic role opposite Dana Andrews. This was her final film before retirement. TOP OF PAGE: In 1962 Alice came out of retirement to appear in *State Fair*. CENTER: In the late '60s Alice had a go at the title song from *Mame* for "Hollywood Palace" which was her only television appearance. ABOVE: Today and John Payne and *Good News*.

IN TOUCH wants to thank Arthur Nicholson, president of London's Alice Faye Fan Club, the Motion Picture Academy Library and Saturday Matinee for their invaluable assistance in compiling this survey.

special report - life styles

GAY PRIDE

Sunday June 30, 1974

New York

photos by Ken Howard and Neal Weaver

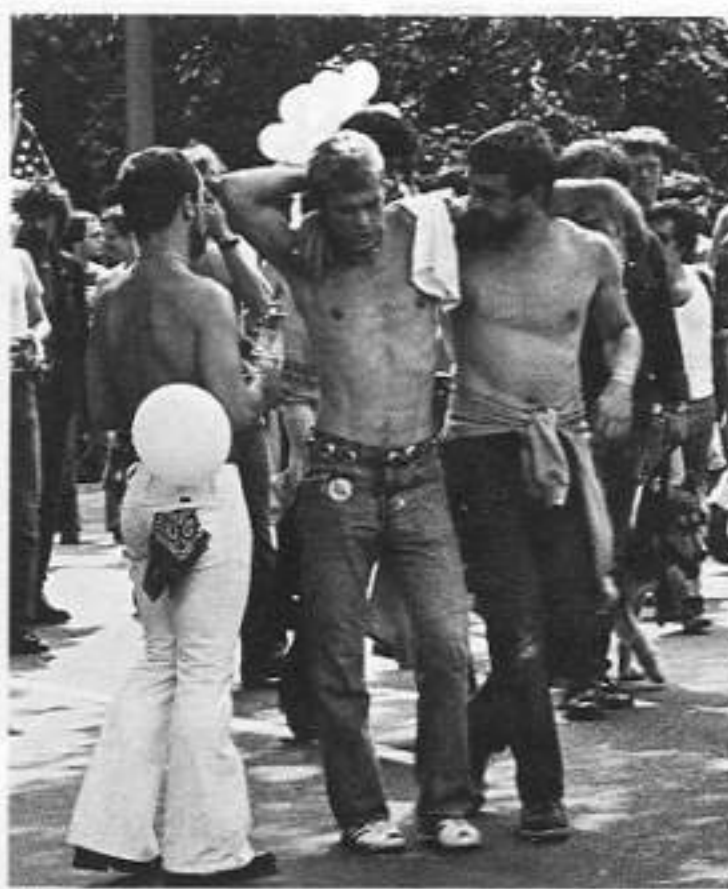
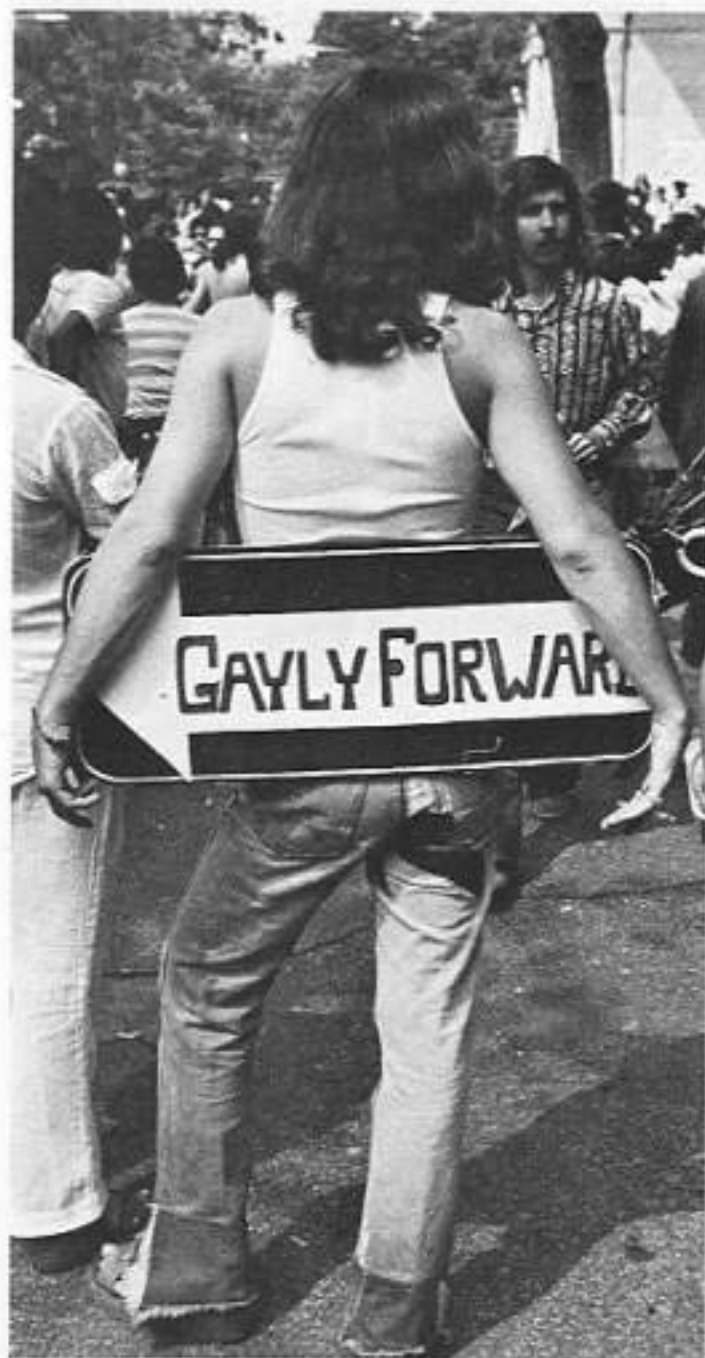


The culmination of Gay Pride Week this year was parades in major cities across the country. The New York parade was one of people celebrating their gayness and freedom. It began in the Village and ended in a rally in Central Park. TOP OF PAGE: This street sign is, perhaps, the symbol of gay pride and freedom for millions of Gays. The corner of Christopher and Gay is near where the Stonewall Bar was located. ABOVE LEFT: The marchers begin to gather for the parade. ABOVE RIGHT: Parents of Gays join the march and pass the old Stonewall (now boarded up) where in

1969 a police raid led to a riot which in turn gave rise to the modern Gay Movement. RIGHT: The Homophiles of Penn State wait to join the march. BELOW LEFT: A Lavender Rhinoceros is the

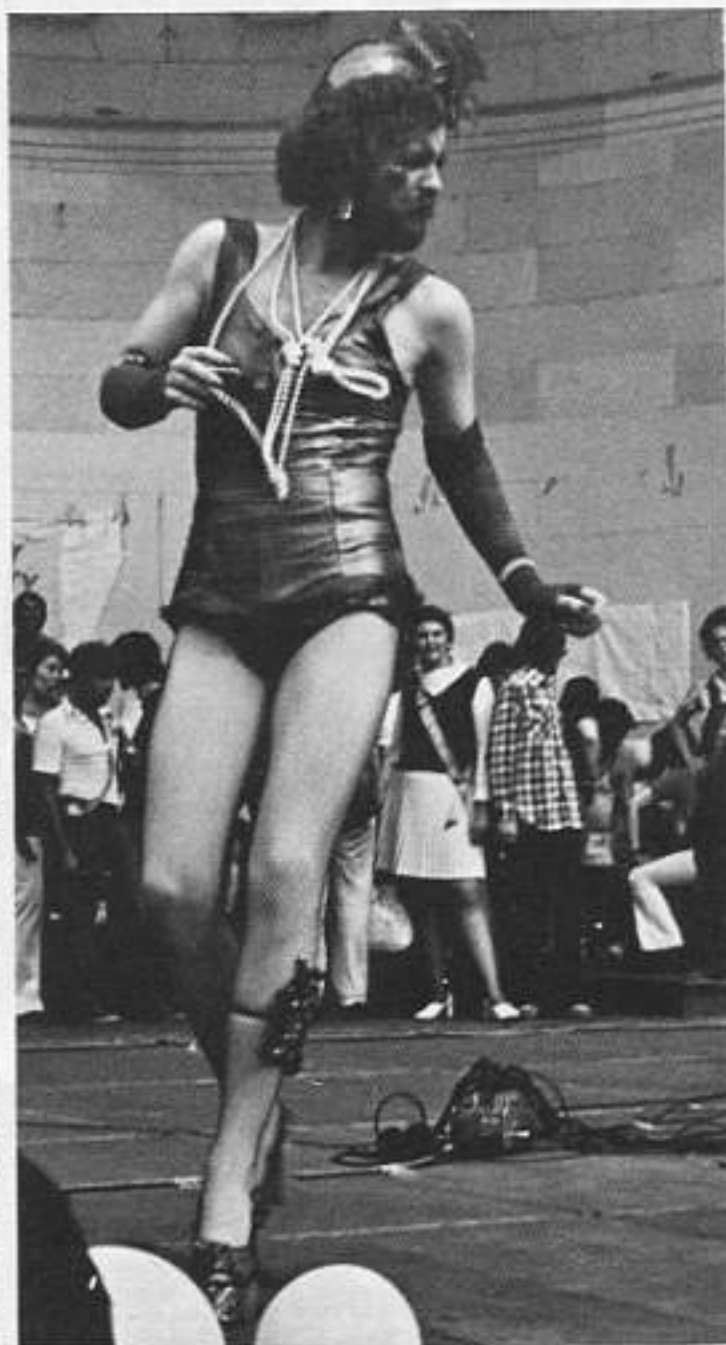
symbol for one group of Gays from New England. BELOW RIGHT: Contingents of marchers from the West Side leather bars turned out with flotillas of black balloons.





On the way to the Rally in Central Park. TOP LEFT: One of the marchers gives us a sign. TOP CENTER: Gay is beautiful too. TOP RIGHT: A chiffon gown, a magic wand, and roller skates are the regular attire of one marcher who has become a familiar sight to many New Yorkers. At the Rally—ABOVE: Singers Michael Cohen and Steve Grossman clown with actor/writer Joe Esquibal before the rally got underway at the Central Park bandshell. LEFT: "Mama" Jean DeVente was the parade's grand marshal and co-emcee of the rally. RIGHT: The other emcee was Gary Fried who is in charge of gay programming at WPAI-FM in New York. BELOW: A partial view of the crowd of 43,000 who participated in the Gay Pride Rally.





At the Rally. TOP LEFT: Martin Rivera, Barnett Keller, David Fernandez, and Sean Delaney perform a number from TOSOS production, *Lovers*. TOP RIGHT: The hit of the performance was a three-woman group from New England, The Deadly Nightshade. Second row, LEFT: The opening speech at the rally was given by pioneer gay rights leader, Frank Kameny. ABOVE: A bearded drag performer, Ruth Truth, provided choreographic insight into "Hard-Hearted Hannah." Second row, RIGHT: A favorite of NYC's gay community is the electrifying singer, Alaina Reed. Third row, LEFT: Kate Millet, author and Woman's Lib leader, was a keynoter at the rally. Third row, RIGHT: Popular West Coast singer, Maxine Feldman, proves just as popular with the East Coast crowd. BOTTOM, LEFT and RIGHT: Perhaps the best gay pride symbol of all—faces—warm, loving, peaceful. Man, love, and Gays have many faces.

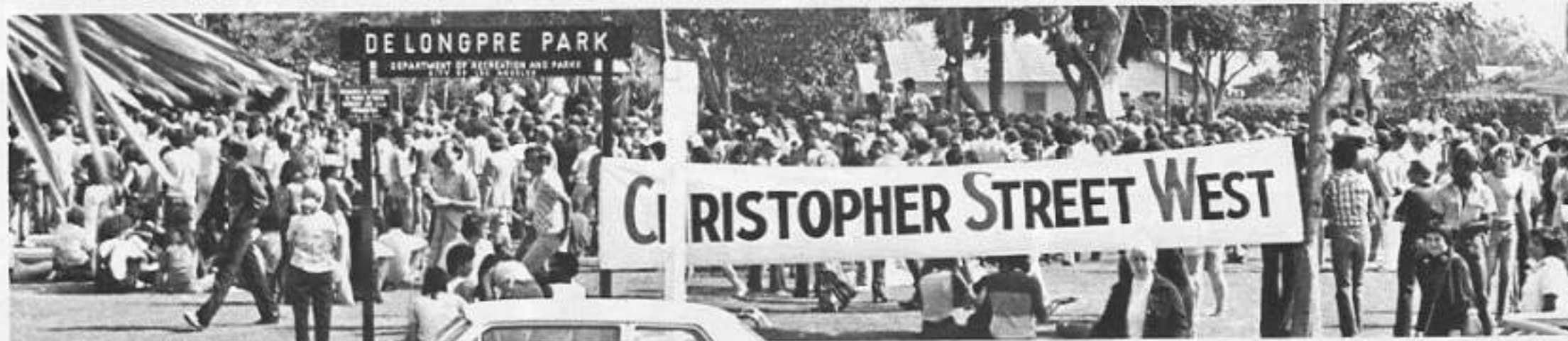
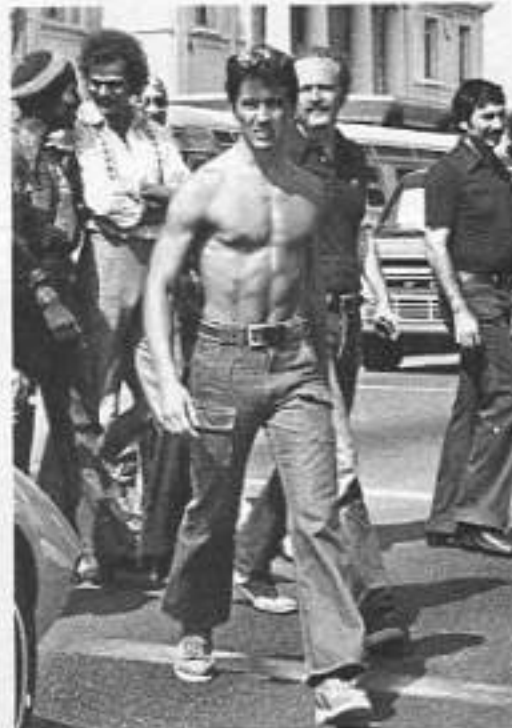


Los Angeles

photos by Bud McGinnis

The Los Angeles Gay Pride parade is named for the location of the Stonewall—Christopher Street West. It is both a people and an old-fashioned parade. ABOVE LEFT: The parade's marshals lead off the march. ABOVE RIGHT: One of the most impressive sights and moving moments of the Los Angeles parade was the appearance of the flags (of the states and countries) of MCC. LEFT: Staff members of the Advocate and the Advocate float. BELOW LEFT: Jean Cosnell, the only survivor of the New Orleans fire. BELOW CENTER: Emperor Gary Bear and Empress Georgia Brown of Long Beach. BELOW RIGHT: Empress LaRay. Fourth row LEFT: Walt Holiday, Cal Culver, Jake Everett, and Doug Richards of *Tubstrip*. Fourth row, RIGHT: Emperor John I and Empress Honey Caroline of Los Angeles. BOTTOM LEFT: Jim Banashak and Jeff representing the Vine Lodge. BOTTOM RIGHT: The people of MCC float.





TOP LEFT: Striking a colorful note were the Gay Latins contingent in the parade. TOP RIGHT: Going to a rally? ABOVE: The people gather in DeLongpre Park for the rally. LEFT: Joyous, loving, concerned and involved, the people listen to the speeches. BELOW: High and mighty and low and lovely. LEFT: Two marchers get a bird's-eye view of the rally. RIGHT: Gay Rights leaders at the rally included (from left): Jim Kepner, Morris Kight, Freida Smith, Troy Perry and Steve Jordan.





Gay Pride Week in Los Angeles included a successful carnival which combined shows, rides, and a midway of games, events, information and food sponsored by various homophile organizations. LEFT: Sharon Cornelson, one of Christopher Street West Committee, relaxes with a couple of the people who enjoyed the carnival. ABOVE: IN TOUCH editorial assistant, Gay Rights leader, author, and fine human being, Jim Kepner, gets his at the carnival's "people dunker." RIGHT: Los Angeles' Imperial Court's Wedding Chapel was one of the busiest booths at the carnival. Many relationships were comically but joyously affirmed here.



San Francisco

photos by Hugh Harrison

This year's San Francisco Gay Pride Parade had as its theme, "A Bird in a Gilded Cage" and Gay Freedom. The parade was spectacular with floats, bands, groups, music and flamboyant cross-over dress. ABOVE LEFT: The Baton Twirlers spun and strutted along the parade route led by Voodoo. All members of the Imperial Privy Council, they were (from left) Johnni, Reba, Maxine and Fanny. ABOVE

RIGHT: The Gay Band, with Tony of the Twin Peaks as Drum Major, provided pre-recorded music for the twirlers. BELOW LEFT: Douglas McDonald was a walking advertisement for Operation Concern's *Circus Circus* benefit. BELOW CENTER: Members of AGVAH, a Gay Jewish group, were a walking mobile of ever-changing comment. BELOW RIGHT: Marcia Pistol, cross-over drum major-ette of the softball team and his drum-beating companion.





TOP LEFT: Mavis, of the Bay Area Reporter and bartender at the new N' TOUCH bar on Polk, was Carmen Miranda on roller skates. TOP CENTER: The Tavern Guild float makes its own comment on 200 years of freedom. TOP CENTER, BELOW: The parade's theme float: The American Eagle as a bird in a gilded cage with John Gooch on harpsichord. TOP RIGHT: The cockette-like dress of the cross-overs highlighted much of the parade. ABOVE LEFT: The P.S. Restaurant's Ship of Freedom float. ABOVE RIGHT: The Mind Shaft recreated their dance floor complete with quadraphonic sound and patrons. LEFT: The Truck Stop and the Rear End's float was Bridging the Gap Between Straight and Gay.



TOP LEFT: The Spirit of '76 leads the Freedom Parade in San Francisco. TOP RIGHT: The combined Gay Community Softball Team which beat the cops the day before celebrated their victory with Irene (holding sign) leading the players. ABOVE LEFT: The Bay Area Reporter's float with Norman Hughes (soon to be an IN TOUCH Discovery) and Lori Shannon. ABOVE RIGHT: The mysterious Gay Widows mourn for those they have lost. LEFT: At the outer limits of cross-over is the startling genderfuck and nowhere as in San Francisco is it so aptly projected. RIGHT: The Colonial couple who escorted the Sentinel float. BELOW LEFT: Participants examine the handicraft at the Bay Fair which followed the parade. BELOW RIGHT: A view of the crowd and bandstand at the fair where the rock group Colefeat entertained.





community leader

EARL WILSON, JR.

GOING DOWN TO SUCCESS

by Neal Weaver
photography by Ken Howard

A lot of young people in show business, who hit the big town and find themselves trying to make it on their own, without family or business connections, feel a sharp pang of envy for those, like Ricky Nelson, Liza Minnelli, or Edward Albert, who came into the world blessed with famous parents.

But Earl Wilson, Jr., learned the hard way that famous parents can be as much of a liability as an asset. For despite years of working as a singer and songwriter, with one produced but short-lived musical to his credit (*A Day in the Life of Just About Everyone*), he was beginning to feel, at age 31, that he was never going to escape being known as "Earl Wilson's Son."

And Earl Senior is a pretty formidable parent to live up to. For years readers of the *New York Post* have looked to him for news and gossip of the famous, the near-famous, the would-be famous, and even occasionally the infamous. He is one of that small and select fraternity known as Broadway columnists. And now that Walter Winchell is gone, and Leonard Lyons has retired, he's almost the last of a vanishing breed. How much real power he wields is a matter for speculation, but millions read his column (always signed "The Midnight Earl," as in "burning the midnight earl [oil]"), and celebrities and near-celebrities have been known to pay healthy fees to public relations people for getting them "a mention in Earl Wilson."

But Earl, Jr., isn't worrying anymore. His second attempt at writing a musical,

called *Let My People Come*, concocted in tandem with his producer-director Phil Osterman, has become the underground hit of the years. Since the show first began previewing in January, it has played to packed houses. And the decision was made, somewhere along the way, that it was foolish to bring in the critics and take the chance on their murdering a show that audiences were flocking to in droves. So it has never officially opened.

A question often heard in regard to the show is, "Are they ever going to open?" But the question is academic. *New York Times* critic Mel Gussow broke critical silence on it by seeing it uninvited. There have been several offers from producers who want to move the show to Broadway. The original cast album is out, on Libra records. The New York production is selling out nightly, and plans are underway for productions in London, Australia, and Los Angeles. For a show that never opened, it's not a bad track record. And it offers a good deal of food for thought for those inclined to wonder, "Are critics really necessary?"

Meeting Earl Wilson, Jr., himself is a bit of a surprise. For the author of a smash-hit "sexual musical," jam-packed with nudity, forthright treatment of homosexuality, heterosexuality, and everything in between, plus most of the four-letter words you ever heard, he's disconcertingly quiet, pleasant, unassuming, even decorous. And yes, a just plain nice guy.

Earl's relations with his producer-director, Phil Osterman (who is seeming-

ly as easygoing as Earl himself) are so close as to seem to an outside observer to be practically symbiotic. They even wear matching Levi jackets emblazoned with "Let My People Come." One enterprising interviewer, in fact, actually asked Wilson if they were lovers. He replied, "Not in that sense. We're lovers in the theatre. We like each other. We like to work together. In that sense I guess you could say we're lovers." And Osterman has expressed similar sentiments.

To get the facts clear once and for all: Osterman is gay, and, apparently, proud; he specifically asked me to mention the fact. Earl is straight, and has a delightful blond girlfriend named Mary Austin, whom he asked to marry him while I was working on this article. But his attitudes on the subject of homosexuality seem to be as liberated as they come. Two of the better numbers in *Let My People Come*, "I'm Gay," and "Take Me Home With You," deal explicitly with male homosexuality. "And She Loved Me" is a lesbian number; and the whole show is pansexually oriented, touching every base before it's done. When I sought to reassure Earl that this article would make it clear that he is heterosexual, he replied, "It doesn't matter either way. I don't care if people think I'm straight or gay. The whole question is silly to begin with."

I arranged to meet Earl at the Village Gate, the Greenwich Village nightclub-cum-theatre where *Let My People Come* is playing. When the show started, we retreated into the Gate's disused kitchen (the bar is open for those who like to drink along with the show, but no food



Author-composer Earl Wilson, Jr., and his partner, friend, producer and director, Phil Osterman.

is being served) and perched on an unidentified piece of stainless steel kitchen equipment to talk. At the theatre, he was all exuberance. Despite the fact that the show has now been running for close to six months, he still haunts the theatre like a kid with a new toy. And from an interviewer's point of view, he's a great subject. It didn't take many questions to set him going.

What was it like growing up as Earl Wilson's son? Did you grow up in the city?

"Yes. We always lived in New York City. I went to schools here and boarding schools in New Jersey. But I traveled with my parents all over the world. And of course, I've always been around show people. But I never regarded myself as being in the theatre. Even now I'm an amateur. I don't feel like any kind of knowledgeable show person. I've been writing songs since I was ten. That's what I do. Theatre is new to me. Phil encouraged me to work on projects with him. I was a singer for a while, after college. I went to Bucknell University in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. That's where the state penitentiary is located too.

"I'd written one other show, *A Day in the Life of Just About Everyone*. It took three years to do it, and it closed in days because of the critics. It was a good, clean show. A first attempt for me. All music. No dialogue. I'm very proud of the songs I wrote for it. But I was badly burned. The newspaper re-

views weren't good, but ones on TV were devastating. And when you get hit with something like that first time out, with no experience at handling it, you feel like you might as well jump off a building."

(But however Earl felt about it at the time, *A Day in the Life* wasn't wasted effort. It did bring him together with his partner and producer, Phil Osterman. As Phil tells it: "I was opening a theatre in Houston, Texas, and I wanted to open with a new show. There was a woman columnist in Houston who was a friend of both of us. She said he'd written a show, which had not been successful,

but which she thought had promise. We got together and completely redid it down there. We really loved each other, and loved working together. So we went on to the next thing.")

How did Let My People Come evolve? Did it originate with you, or as a joint project with Phil?

"He called me up on August 16 of last year. We'd been working on another show for over two years. He said, 'Look, you're saddled with your name. Nobody really knows who I am. We're working on a giant show that'll take a million dollars to produce. We've got to let people know we're alive. And I know what will do it. Let's do a musical about sex.' I said, 'You're crazy, it's been done.' He said, 'No, it hasn't. *Oh Calcutta!* wasn't really a musical, and besides it had some mean ugly stuff in it. Nobody's done a musical that says, 'Sex is good and clean and fun and we should enjoy it and be proud of it.' We'll make it young, carefree, crazy, ridiculous.' We never had any idea that it would be as successful as it turned out to be. But the rent was due. And it seemed like a good idea.

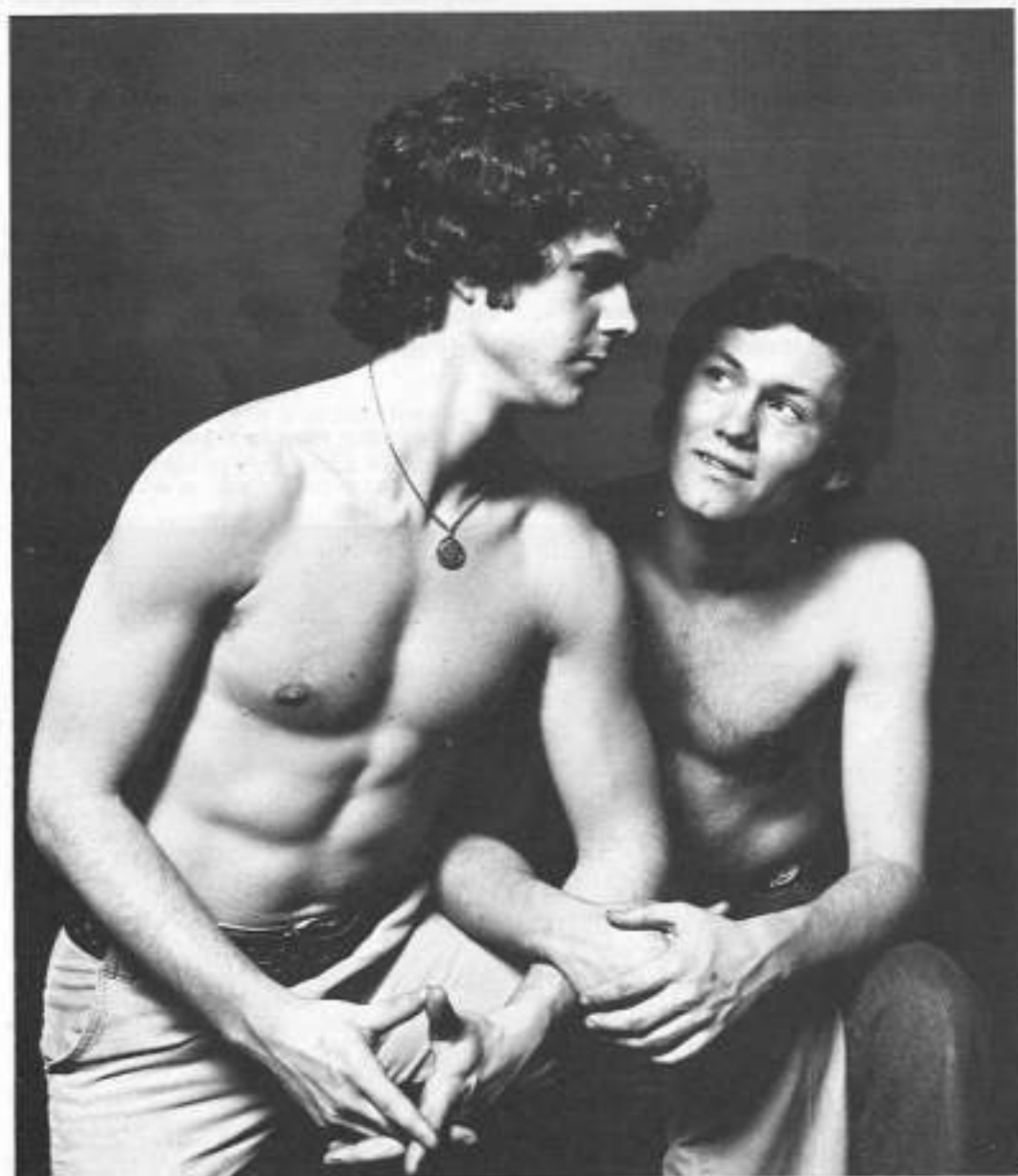
"And what it turned into was a labor of love. Just because the obstacles were so enormous. We never knew for sure we were going to be able to get it on. We had no budget at all when we opened. I was running the follow-spot because we couldn't afford to pay anybody to do it. . . . We had backers' audi-

Let My People Come, billed as "a sexual musical," is also the nudest show in town, just now. Here author-composer Wilson is seen with some of his cast, stripped for action (left to right): Joe Jones, Marty Duffy, Christine Rubens, Alan Evans, and Ian Naylor.





Since the entire cast of *Let My People Come* was not available for our photo session, we asked Christine, Ian, Joe, Al and Marty to provide some improvisations and visual impressions. The shots are not always scenes from the show, but hopefully they capture the show's sense of sexual liberation and the charm and *joie de vivre* of its cast. LEFT: Somehow you're not nearly so self-conscious about taking off your clothes if you can just hold on to your hat! Hats are courtesy of Betty Williams and The Studio. BELOW LEFT: Martin Duffy and Joe Jones share a quiet moment in the show as each tries to tell his parents, "I'm gay." RIGHT: In a sunburst of beautiful bodies and talent, Joe, Al, Marty, Christine and Ian perform the finale and title song, "Let My People Come." FAR RIGHT: Ian Naylor, in addition to performing in the show, is responsible for the choreography for *Let My People Come*. Al Evans is a contemporary equivalent of the old "showgirl." He doesn't sing much, or dance much, or act much. But he does stand around just looking marvelous. Certainly he is the perfect type we'd want to ask to "Take Me Home With You" (as one of the cast in the show requests in a lovely ballad).





LEFT AND RIGHT: In *Let My People Come*, Christine Rubens' big moment comes in her solo effort, "Linda, Georgina, Marilyn and Me," which is a high point in the show. In it Christine plays Gloria Streichermeler, a girl with secret dreams to be a star in the porn flicks, like Linda Lovelace, Georgina Spelvin and Marilyn Chambers, leaving swathes of exhausted leading men along the way. Gloria finally gets her wish, as the star of a film called "Sore Throat." Alan Evans plays her leading man.





ABOVE: Alan Evans has left the cast of *Let My People Come* to take on some of the front office chores as assistant to Mr. Wilson and Mr. Osterman. He may rejoin the actors when the show opens in London or Los Angeles, and IN TOUCH readers can look forward to more about Alan in a future issue. Joe Jones (and that's his real name) is a musical comedy boy if there ever was one. "Raised in upstate New York. Always wanted to do theatre. Left high school to come to NYC to live. . . . Auditioned for the show, and here I am! Living in NYC, doing an off-Broadway show, and just being very pleased with the way my life is going at the moment!" Ian Naylor, who was born and raised in Detroit, Michigan, was a lead dancer with the Jazz Dance Theatre, and manager of Upstairs at Max's Kansas City before joining the cast of the show. Martin Duffy gained his first performing experience as a choirboy in his native Philadelphia—and his audition song for the show was "Ave Maria." Christine Rubens, who hails from Tacoma, Washington, is a unique blend of Jane Austen and Bette Midler, with a touch of Vivien Leigh and Clara Bow thrown in. Before joining the cast of the show, she had already acquired a wide range of show business experiences including being shot from a cannon on Father's Day, 1969, for KOL Radio in Seattle. OPPOSITE: Turning the tables: For months many of the talented cast of *Let My People Come* have been shedding their clothes to perform Mr. Wilson's "sexual musical," while he remained fully clothed. We felt that turnabout was only fair play, and asked him to strip while the cast kept their clothes on.

tions, and people liked it, but they didn't think it would get on. They said, you can't do that sort of thing onstage. They thought we'd be closed. These were the people who were there to make money. The hard-nosed money people. The very fact that they all turned us down sort of turned it into a crusade. We felt, we've got to get this thing on to prove it can be done, to prove we're not crazy."

And how did your father feel about it all?

"He was very skeptical about the whole thing. I told him it was going to be a little rough. That it is a sexual musical. He said, 'Are you sure you're doing the right thing? What'll it do to your name?' I was terrified that people would run me out of town on a rail. That people would think it was revolting, stupid, sophomoric."

Was it a conscious decision to preview indefinitely, not to have a regular opening and invite the critics?

"Definitely. Reviews serve no purpose except until audiences have had a chance to see it for themselves. There are too many reviewers who don't know anything. A reviewer should give audiences a sense of whether it's something they are likely to enjoy. I don't want a journalist telling me what to do. And too many personal factors enter into what people write in their reviews."

And how do you feel now, that without the critics, the show is a long-running hit?

"I'm in shock. Both Phillip and I went to California, and stayed at the Beverly Hills Hotel. In a suite. And just sat by the pool. I'd been there with my parents, of course. But I never dreamed I'd be able to do it on my own. And be recognized for myself."

And how do you feel about the show now?

"Well, the whole show—I don't know how to say it without sounding pompous. There's nothing self-important about it. But I think in its own little way it's a very important show. People come away thinking things. It's entertainment. It makes them laugh. They don't take it so seriously that they have to worry about it. But I think maybe it leaves them feeling, 'Maybe there's a reason for it all. All that's going on up there isn't silly. It's all right to enjoy sex, and maybe to be a homosexual is

not so terrible. They're young attractive people up there. They might be my children or my brothers.' It's really a very positive show."

"There's nothing in it about Nixon or politics. There were some jokes in the beginning, but I took them out. Because that's not where the show is at."

"Operating that spotlight during the first month was great. I was up in the light booth—above the audience—so I could watch them. And I was really getting off on the people in the theatre. They were happier when they left than when they came in. That in itself is a good thing. And one night after the show, a young guy and a girl came up to me. And he said, 'I saw your show last week and liked it so much that I came back and brought the girl I'm going to marry. We were really moved. We're going to bring all our friends.' And then he leaned over and kissed me on the cheek. I mean—two straight guys—he kissed me because he was so moved. That's what it should be."

And how does your mother feel about the show?

"She's in love with the show. She comes here at least once a week and brings all her friends. But then I have a very liberated mother."

Are there plans for further ventures?

"This show is a first step in what is hopefully a very interesting career for both of us. It's opened doors that would not have been easily opened . . . I'm sure there'll be a movie of this. And Phillip has another idea in his head which is very good—but I really can't talk about that yet. But whatever else this is, it's a learning procedure. Everything you do gives you that much more confidence, that much more knowledge."

"The big show we're working on is called *Spirit*. It's a show about psychic phenomena. It's geared for Broadway. I can't tell you too much about it yet—but it will be geared toward entertainment. Hopefully it will be a funny and positive show about the spirit. Shows should be positive rather than negative . . . at least at this particular time. I don't want to see a show that makes me feel negative when I walk out. . . ."

(Actually it was *Spirit* which led Earl and Phil to acquire their matching *Let My People Come* jackets. Said Phil: "While we were in California, we were driving down Sunset Boulevard in Holly-

wood one day, and suddenly we saw this sign that just said SPIRIT. We had to find out what it was. So we stopped. And the place turned out to be a boutique, where they do mostly custom-built stuff. So we had them do the jackets. The guy who runs the place is named Jeff. I don't know his last name. But I'd love it if you could give him a plug. He's awfully nice. Awfully cute, too.")

Do you foresee yourself becoming a full-time theatre man now?

"I don't know. Mostly it's been music all the way, though, for me. I studied classical music. Oratorio and opera. I had a folk group for a while, and wrote songs. I only got into theatre, really, because my songs seem to lend themselves to theatrical treatment."

Do you plan to go back to singing?

"Not in the immediate future. I love to sing. I love singing my own things. If there's ever a chance for me to go out there and do it, I probably will. But I won't go back to doing one-night stands in the Catskills. Every year, from 1966 to last summer, I've done that routine. Club dates and so on. But there aren't that many jobs for performers, and it got to be a real drag and a hassle. I finally reached a point where I said to myself, I can't go on doing this. My head isn't there. Also I never felt I was really a Tom Jones or an Andy Williams. I al-

ways felt I was something else, even if I didn't know what it was. Now I feel like I'm in the right ball park anyway, writing material for other people . . . I have about as much interest and charisma on a stage as a wet mop . . . but at least I know it. I really love seeing other people who are really good. It's something to watch.

"I love to come to the theatre, and think, I can leave here anytime I want. I don't have to stay here and be up there on the stage. . . . Recently, Tony Newley was complaining about still having to work in nightclubs at his age. I can understand that. It's really not very gratifying. . . .

"I guess like most songwriters my entertainment is writing a song. That's why I started writing to begin with. I was bored. . . . It's almost like going to a psychiatrist. Getting it all out. But getting out so it makes sense and sounds good. I guess good performers feel the same way. That's what their performance is for them. But for me it happens in the writing. . . ."

And how do you feel about the show now? Are you pleased with it?

"It's great. It really is. I come to the theatre and watch it, and I really forget I wrote this. I don't know why that happens. But I start to laugh, and I think, 'Gee, that's really funny!' I loved working the spotlight because I could watch

the audience. You know exactly when they're going to laugh—and when they do, it's just great!"

At this point in the interview, Earl's sixth sense picked up on the fact that something was going on in the theatre he ought to see: Toby Columbus, a girl who'd previously had only a singing role in the show, was for the first time taking over a dialog role in the "Fellatio 101" sketch. So we stood in the back of the house and watched, while Toby, despite a little first-time nervousness, brought down the house. Actor-singer Larry Paulette had an unexpected accident with a prop banana that sort of blew the punch line of the scene—but the accident itself was so funny nobody cared.

The audience was roaring, and so was Earl: beaming, and happy, and lit up like a Christmas tree.

When the sketch ended, we went back to the kitchen to resume our talk, and Earl, inspired perhaps by the bit of the show we'd just seen, began to talk about the delightful crew of young people who make up the cast of the show.

"They are as responsible for the success of this show as anybody. A lot of the show was already written when we started holding auditions. But when we saw them, and began to get to know them, we rewrote everything from

Continued on Page 82



THE STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO



Shooting a fall fashion layout in San Francisco during mid-May is no problem — the weather was clear and nippy and the wind blew in from the Bay promptly at two o'clock. We forgot to shoot an umbrella scene with overshoes, but when it rains anywhere, everyone looks about the same. San Francisco turned everyone involved with this shooting — on! Models reacted as though the circus had arrived in town, and perhaps their enthusiasm was the magic ingredient. Look for yourselves on the following pages. True — this city is a magical town to visit — and much credit has to go to the many tourists who've set the pace for this city by

Above Left:

Our models pose in front of the Town Squire, our main contributor this month. Karl wears their three-piece beige Fantastic suit with piping and a sheared belted back. The fabric is a light cotton polish twill and suitable for the changing weather. A deep brown satin shirt adds to the contrast. Pat's patterned wide shawl-labeled Gwanci suit with patterned shirt to match says textures-into-pattern is back for fall, but it's the light look for city dealings.

Far Left:

Karl, in front of his hoped-for alma mater, the Geary Theatre (home of the American Conservatory Theatre Repertory Company), slows up the traffic in Leather Hamlet's classic waistcoat of rust pigskin. Underneath are Town Squire's big-legged plaid pants and their Grun of California wool pullover. Photo by Douglas Dean.

Left:

Ron can step out—in any direction—in a Lord John of London cashmere polo sweater and Jupiter's glorious all-wool trenchcoat. A French import exclusive of Orpheus Ltd. The setting is inside the



the Bay. Between the food, lights, events and people, the only thing that stops you is exhaustion! The hills within the city make for spectacular backdrops or for breathtaking views. The people are "charming" or "busy," but never indifferent. Recycled clothing has hit Nob Hill and the North Beach shops are closed, but ... that "snob" barrier seems to have diminished. People in general are no longer "dressed-up," they are simply "clothed." Long shag mouton-sheepskin vests, tons of gold chains, original appliques, minimal but tastefully done "stud-ing," much emphasis on boot and shoe leathers, scarves (would you believe some seven-footers?), and Levi's, Levi's and more Levi's—in the hometown of Straus Levi.

Restaurants, all seeming totally different. Flowers "blooming" in crates, bunches at kiosks, or on your table. Raw sugar packets. Wine glasses on almost every table. Used cable-car gongs from the next street. Market Street, narrower now, with only trees. Everything else very much the same. "No Smoking, Please" signs in Abercrombie & Fitch, Gump's, I. Magnin, Saks and in some

smaller cafes. Fluffy white clouds, but only on the horizons during the day. That white glow at night from all the lights. The San Francisco Ballet doing *Cinderella* on Sunday afternoon, and the whole family sipping orange-whip drinks at intermission. Herb Caen's column with breakfast, or you're not in the "trivia" know. Watching for Mickey Mouse to come down Union (Main) Street—"E" coupon. The Castro area

which could well appoint its own mayor and incorporate, it's that well organized. Boys. The "Sausalito" turn-off sign, just off the Golden Gate Bridge, which now reads "Alexander Ave." ACT doing *The Cherry Orchard*, *Taming of the Shrew*, *Broadway*, and *Cyrano* all in one week, and sold out. And city telephone operators who call you and wake you three hours later for the theatre, because you don't know anyone in town (don't

Embarcadero Plaza fountain, designed by A. Vaillancourt and made from salvaged San Francisco pipes, columns and rubble.

Above Right:

It's up on the roof, with Berkeley and the famous Coit Tower—that erection dedicated to the fireman's nozzles used during the "quake"—as the horizon. Pat goes Greek in The Mykonos Island Shop's imported authentic and homespun cotton sailor shirt and grey sailor pants. Ron wears a hooded Greek "Electra" caftan with hand-loomed band insets.

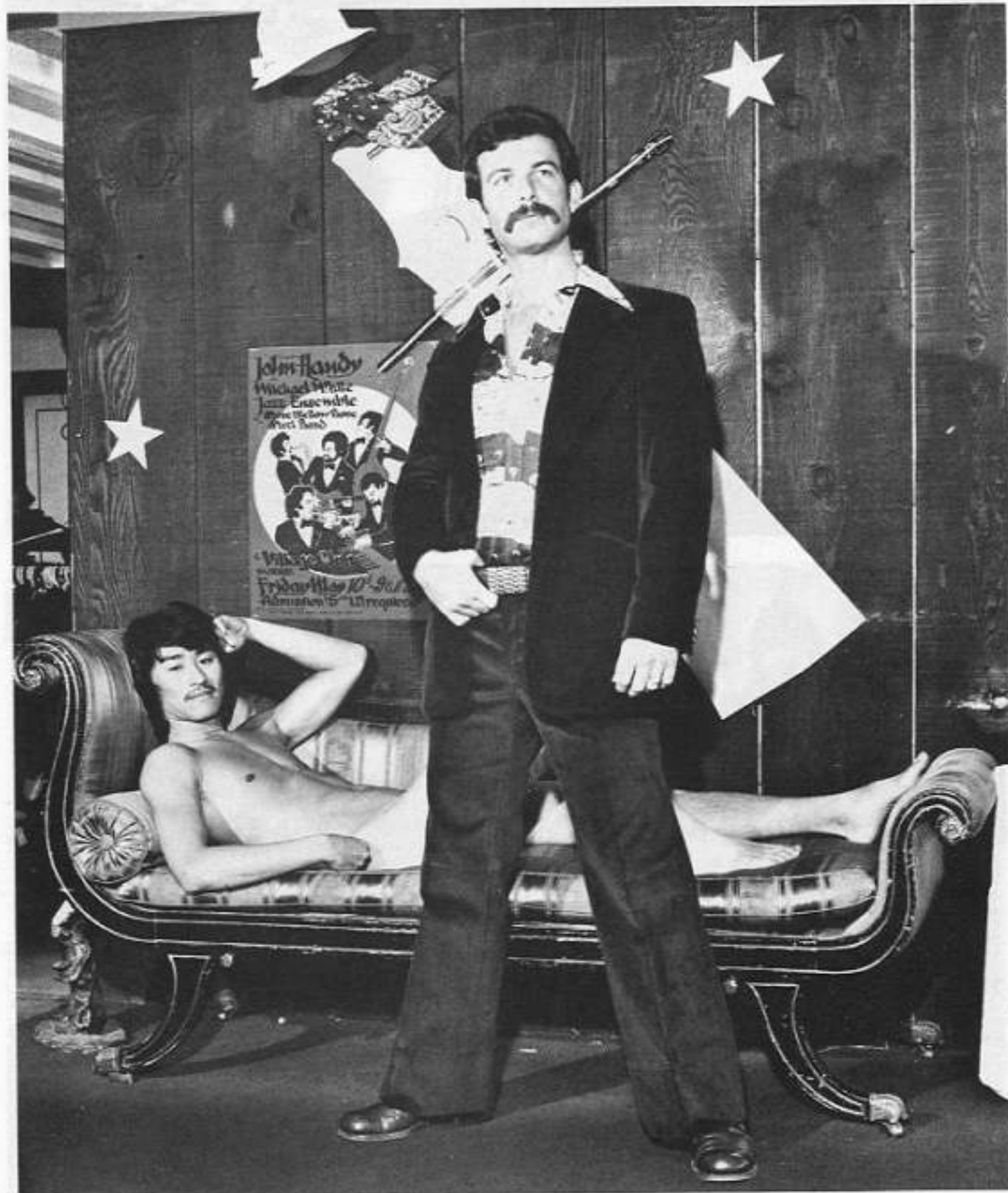
Far Right:

Perched on the Vaillancourt fountain, and with the 17-storied lobby Hyatt-Regency behind, Pat wears his winter "trench" made of 100% chinchilla fabric in midnight blue. His wool plaid suit heats up the evening in red and blue.

Right:

Karl, dressed for shore duty in Leather Hamlet's second-skin of full top-shirt and flare pants. Only handsome leathers and workmanship can make this I.T. "look" for nippy Bay breezes. Tan satin shirt—by and from Town Squire.





tell!). Don't start packing, though, it may only happen to tourists!

Our models for this layout are a mini cross-section of the city itself. A Chinese native; a resident of Berkeley, across the Bay; and an actor, import from Los Angeles. It is noteworthy to say that working with such congenial men, under the most hectic of conditions, may well be credited to the climate or perhaps the lack of smog. What-

Far Left:

Appearing at the new, and hottest, San Francisco deco-teque, Don Berry's "Buzzbys," Karl shines it on with Town Squire's silver satin pants, seam-edged in glitter and their exclusive "scrap," tapered Tux-Tops. Ron is brazen in Braten's "leprechaun!" light wool shirt and Town Squire's tight-topped poly "yellows." Note the unique seating benches for cruise-docking between dances.

Above Near Left:

Pat kicks those heels toward the heavens on Buzzby's bar in his own "Speed-racer," a pink and blue double-knit dancing suit. The checkered waistband and other inserts are a seamstress' nightmare, but a delight to behold.

Left:

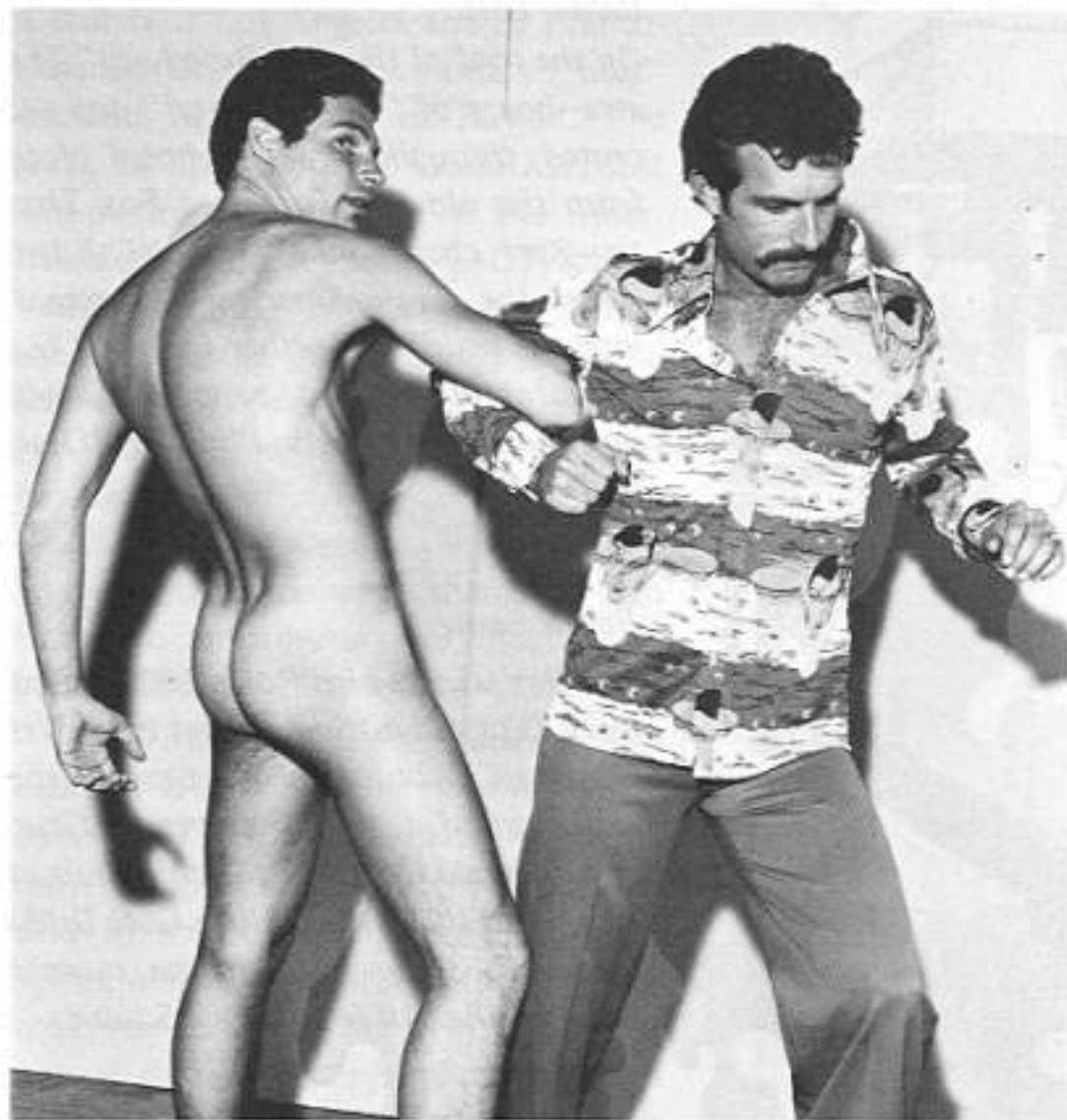
Ron sports deep brown velvet and in this Town Squire original. All occasions are well suited, even when matched with a Braten shirt ablaze with brown deco-heads. Pat rests on his laurels (the T-shirt displayed on the Town Squire mezzanine wall is one of Pat's originals under the brand name of "Dynamite").

Opposite Top Left and Page 4:

To dress, or not to dress—a constant struggle in San Francisco. The setting is the Savoy-Tivoli's "Dorothy Lamour Show Room." Ron wears Town Squire's own poly "blues" tight-top pants and Braten's nylon "blue faces" shirt.

Above Right:

At Ghirardelli for a shopping spree, Ron wears Orpheus Ltd.'s Jupiter "Dalto" daysuit. A comfortable "plush" cotton finish accented with zipper enclosures—very French. Shirt by Michel-Axel is beige skin-soothing silk with moss roses. Pat stands proud in his own creation, "Aviator," an O.D. chino cotton body-suit. Worn either boot-bloused, or straight flared, these trouser legs are expertly designed by Pat, whose ideas work where it counts. Our exciting set-



ting is that one of a kind, The Chair House, a seven-year resident of Ghirardelli Square. The "museum" is itemed with Eskimo carvings, Polish vegetal-dye rugs, Afghan and local jewelry and hundreds of one-of-a-kind goodies—and all for sale.

Below Left:

In the entrance to Orpheus Ltd.'s im-



ported shirt boutique, Pat wears one of their many Michel-Axel light-wool shirts. The San Francisco scarf is Lord John's skinny-rib pullover and those hip-lovin' Jupiter jeans are of poly/cotton. Orpheus Ltd. prides itself that all merchandise is imported. We see why. Below Right:

Pat toasts us all with the Savoy-Tivoli's ever . . . the work was exciting and easy, as the photos show.

Pat Lee, a 24-year-old Chinese native of San Francisco, is a graduate of the San Francisco Academy of Arts and the Pacific Fashion Institute. Now a fashion designer, Pat does both kinds of biking, lifts weights (he is very strong for his 5'9", 137-pound frame), and goes after what he likes—even if it's driving in the other direction. As hobbies, Pat loves dancing and excels in both painting and fashion illustration. He is, by day, a very successful and exciting fashion designer.

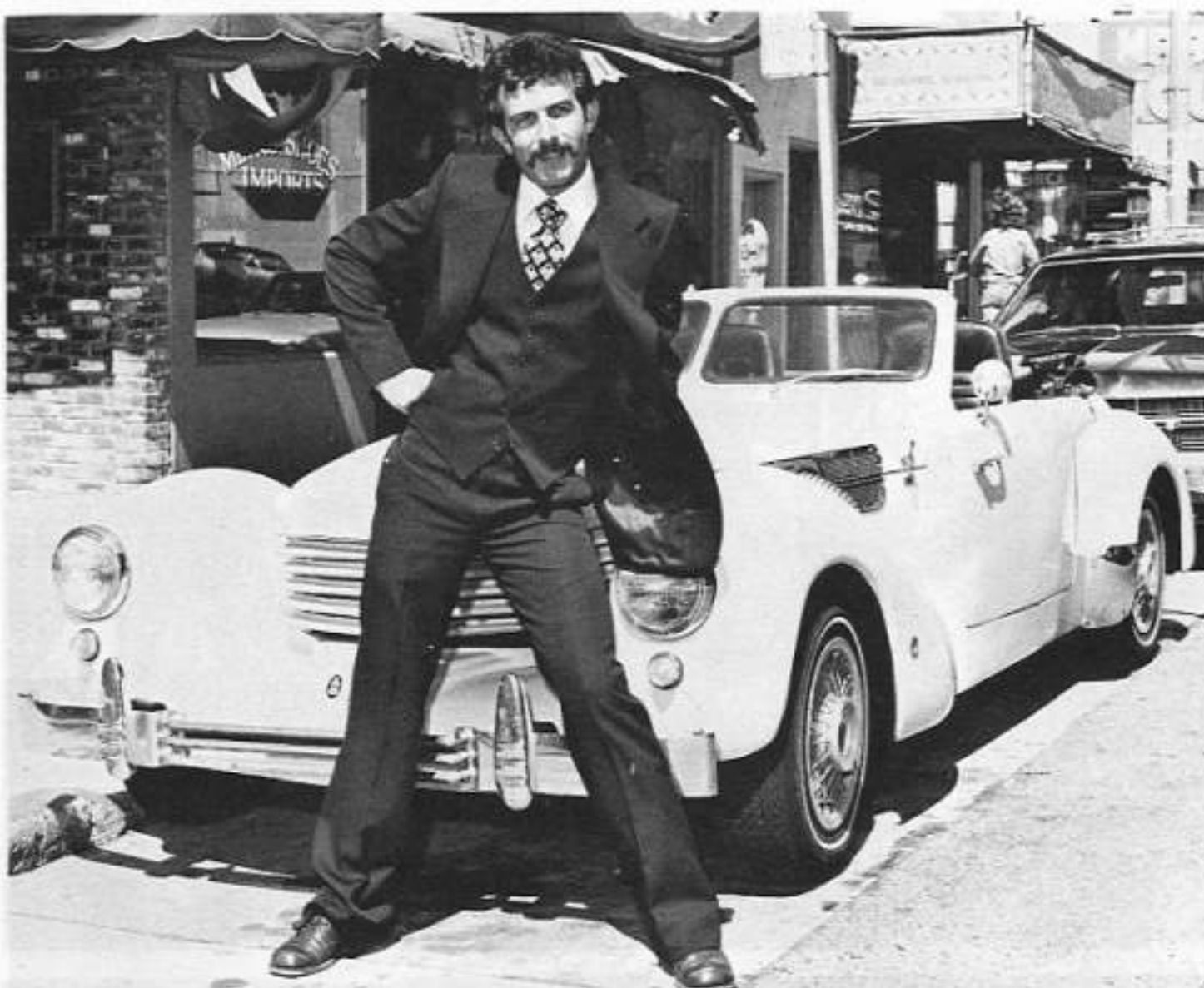
Ron Clute is a native of Berkeley, and of Italian and Dutch descent. A graduate in "graphics," whose love for filmmaking has not been fulfilled as yet. Ron is the assistant sales manager of Now Designs Co. A lover of the biking scene, Ron's pastimes are cooking and going to the Golden Gate Gym just as frequently as possible. Ron has to be the winner of this month's Mr. Congeniality, and it isn't going to be easy to choose.

Karl Ellis, an exciting 23-year-old, is



famous stemwear, by the "splasher" setting of their deco-for-days dining room. He wears his own "art-deco" pants of hot-orange cotton knit and the taper-top shirt is all hot orange and white inserts. The shirt inserts line up with those very interesting flare-front pant seams, and is just another design thought from Pat's design board.





Above:

The Orpheus Ltd. "look" has Ron in Lord John of London's three-piece wool suit. Note English shoulder detailing and trim-waisted pants with full legs. Hardy Ames shirt and Forte/Canada tie are a

sample of Orpheus Ltd.'s importations. The 1968 yellow "Cord" is a reproduction with a V-8 Ford engine and the proud property of Mr. Hosang Mostofizadeh—the youthful owner of Orpheus Ltd.



Below Left:

On the roof of the "On Broadway" Theatre—home of "Oh, Calcutta!" and decorated throughout with choice pieces from the old San Francisco Fox Theatre—Karl charms the financial district (even the Trans-American "pyramid" loses its head) in Leather Hamlet's butterscotch bush jacket, beltable and with sensible-sized pockets. Photo by Douglas Dean.

Below Center:

The Bay wind whips Ron's 100% cotton Luxa D'or drawstring carcoat from West Germany. Wool tweed trousers from Holland and a wool pullover by Gurn of California complete the chill morning attire and that's the Golden Gate Bridge trying to show through the morning haze skyline. All from Town Squire.

Below Right:

Caught between rice-a-roni and Alcatraz, Karl greets the nippy day in Leather Hamlet's handsome grey rough-out carcoat with gold military buttons. Town Squire's big leg nylon/linen plaids adds a touch of color to the dash.



a native of Los Angeles and of French-German descent. This military "brat" finished high school in Hawaii. The week of this shooting found Karl just completing his first year at the American Conservatory Theatre (ACT) school where Karl was privileged to perform on the main stage (no speaking) with the company's regulars. Karl dabbles, but very well indeed, in oil and acrylics and has a gallery outlet.

IN TOUCH wishes to thank our San Francisco contributors for their generous assistance in a whirlwind visit.

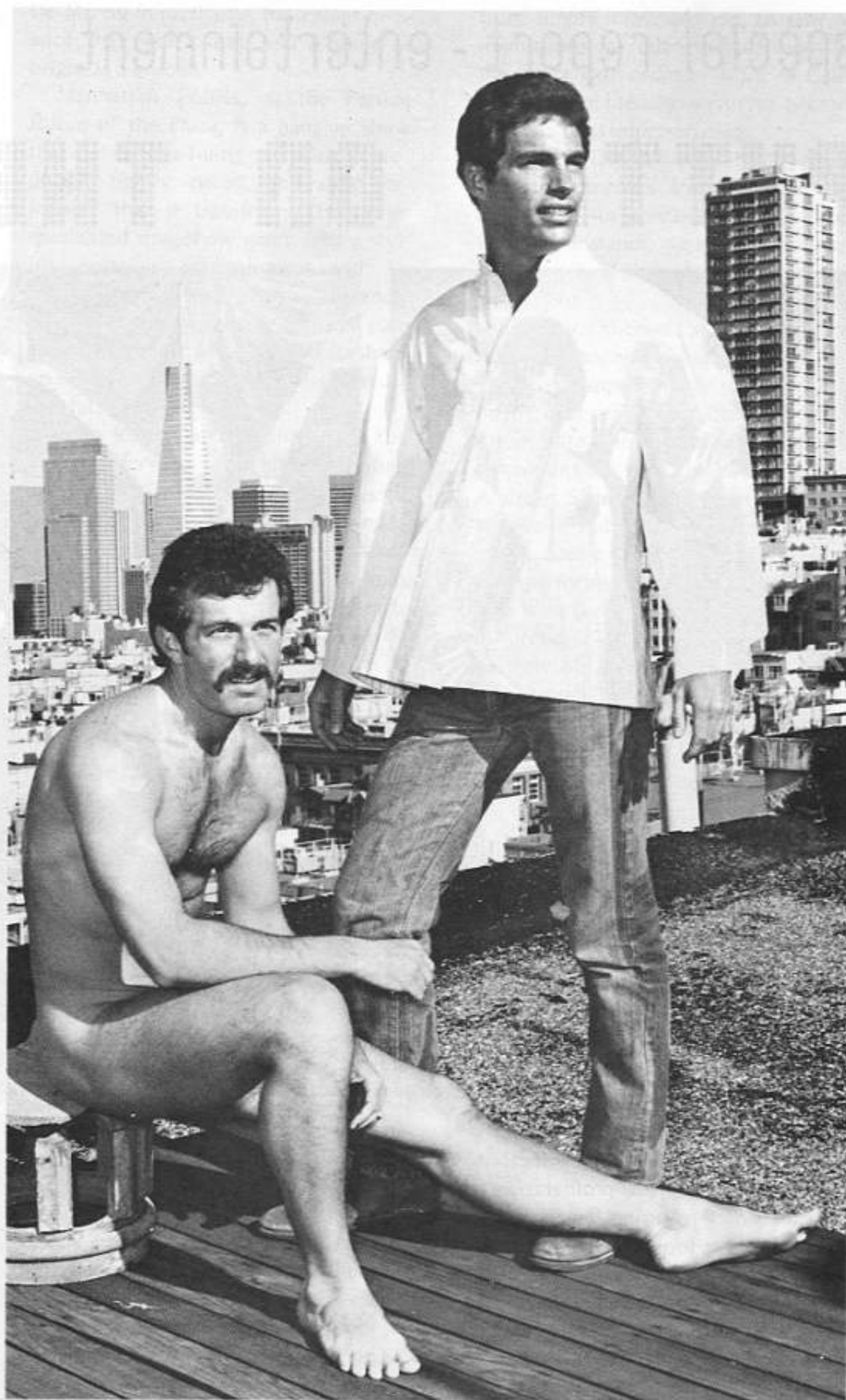
The Town Squire, our prime contributor, is located in the heart of Polk-(strasse)—1318 Polk Street. This is the most complete shop you are likely to find in men's contemporary clothing. Shoes, underwear, shirts, hats—even top-coats—and most of the items are of exclusive design and manufacture. If it's something special you want, take the time to look close, and you'll find it—or a variation. Co-owners, Terry and Gus, are most helpful and serious about keeping up with the latest.

The Leather Hamlet is without a doubt one of this country's finest leather garment outlets you could visit. Owner and designer, Mr. Harry Gottwald has been with his two San Francisco locations for three years, with a prior six years in Hollywood. Having apprenticed in northern Europe to the leather craft, Harry, with his few years of medical training, has the necessary knowledge to explain why his "lines" have that something extra. The Leather Hamlets are at 307 Sutter St., and the home office, 458 Geary St.

The Mykonos Island Shop is a place with items for just about everyone. Sweaters with pelicans, caftans, Greek sailor and soldier clothing, plus some very exciting jewelry. Overseen by mild-mannered Bob, the shop is full of exciting and yet practical items of wearing apparel. 1606 Polk Street.

Orpheus Ltd. is definitely the place for that something extra. Not "extra" for your closet, but for your spirit! All imports. Contemporary in fabrics but classic in cut. And the price ranges are medium—great investment store. Located at 2124 Union St.

And a very warm thank you to contributor (model, film-route driver, and all-around assistant) Pat B. Lee, whose de-



sign line, "City Slickers," appears in most of his photos and merit this first showing in a major magazine. Much intelligence, with a touch of pizzazz, shows in all his works and that combo should keep him busy for a very long time. For something "special," or just his latest ideas, call "City Slickers" at (415) 563-5999.

Above:

Karl wears an "Evzon," the traditional soldier shirt of Greece from The Mykonos Island Shop, and a great comfortable lounge idea it is. Ron becomes one of the first nudes over that great city—where nudity is appreciated—San Francisco. The view is the financial district to Russian Hill.

PUTTING ON THE GLITZ



LEFT: J.C. Gaynor as Diana Ross, French chanteuse Jocelyn Jocya, Claude Sacha as Barbra Streisand, and Guilda as Marlene Dietrich in *French Dressing*, which is breaking house records at Shephard's in the Drake Hotel. CENTER: Dancers Ron Rosselli and Sam DeMarco assist Guilda (as Lucille Ball) in a musical number from *Mame*. RIGHT: Claude Sacha stops the show with his impersonations of Barbra Streisand and Bette Midler in *French Dressing*.

The phrase, "The Main Drag," is taking on a whole new meaning as a result of the proliferation of musical revues featuring female impersonators. Three top East Side nighteries—The Blue Angel on East 54th Street, Shephard's at Park Avenue and 56th, and The Persian Room at the venerable Plaza—are all offering some variation on the drag show idea. But it's best to take them one at a time.

Zou, at the Blue Angel, is the biggest and splashiest of the three, but also the least interesting. It might best be described as a fag show for tired businessmen—or a freak show for the tourists. The female impersonators (actually Blue Angel waiters who are back waiting on tables five minutes after their turns onstage) are backed up by a female chorus as well as by assorted boys. The one

male principal, Brian Peterson, appears in a jeweled jockstrap to do record pantomimes to Eartha Kitt records. The rest of the boys are decked out in glitter-makeup, and several of them appear in the finale in pink sequin G-strings and feathers, like Ziegfeld girls. In short, it's a show designed to let the straight audience feel superior to Gays, and especially to the performers who are consistently demasculinized. (The Emcee referred to the show's leading man as "Our ingenue.")

The show is one long record pantomime, with no live or fresh material to be found. The only one who did not appear to be on tape was the Emcee, who was so very Fr-r-ench as to be often incomprehensible. The impersonations range from mediocre to bad, and the only real talent seemed to be found

among the girls who make up the chorus. A prearranged incident involving a supposed streaker served to shoe-horn a dollop of male nudity into the show, but it didn't help. There are some amusing bits along the way, and a rather snazzy can-can finale, but it's too little and too late. The tab is \$15 for dinner and show, with a crowd packed in like sardines. On the night I saw it, at least, the cast seemed more interested in camping it up among themselves than in providing the audience with a show. By the time it was over, I was furious, disgusted, and glad to get out of there.

French Dressing, at Shephard's, is considerably better. Shephard's itself is sedate, comfortable, and largely free of hype. The decor, with a basic motif of sculptured sphinxes, is discreet and un-insistent, and so is the service.

The show offers some real talent, starting with Jocelyn Jocya—who is a real singer as well as a real girl. She opens the show with a bouquet of songs in the French manner. She has ease and charm, and really seems to enjoy singing. The rest of the show is composed of record pantomimes (save for a comedy turn by Claude Sacha), but they are done with the kind of wit and style that was so lacking in *Zou*. Guilda appears as a so-so Lucille Ball, and a generally excellent Marlene Dietrich, and J.C. Gaynor portrays Diana Ross and Shirley Bassey. But it is Claude Sacha who really steals the show, with his satirical recreations of Bette Midler and Barbra Streisand. He goes beyond the stunt-night level of looking and moving like the stars he portrays, and adds a comment and bite of his own. His Streisand, in particular, manages to capture what is appealing and attractive as well as what is absurd about Barbra. And Sacha (who happens to be a singer in his own right) handles a hand mike with a style and expertise that a lot of pop stars might envy. There are also a couple of dancers, Sam De Marco and Ron Rosselli, who do a lot to liven up the proceedings. Mr.

De Marco, in particular, has a stage presence that won't quit, and a smile as bright as a beacon.

Manhattan Follies, at the Persian Room of the Plaza, is a bang-up show that is so eye-filling, so slickly produced, tightly paced, and ably performed that it transforms the rather specialized drag-show genre into a stylish, nostalgic entertainment with an appeal for a broad general audience. With its setting of shifting mirrored panels, its gorgeous costumes, and its sharp seasoning of wit, it is never less than delightful. (Well, almost never.)

Craig Russell, as the Emcee, gets the show underway with his devastating portrait of Carol Channing. Mr. Russell has a ready wit, an agile mind, and a light touch that enables him to toss off risque and even downright dirty lines without being offensive. And even though costumed as Miss Channing, he manages to work in brief impressions of Ethel Merman and Barbra Streisand as well. And he handles an audience like a real pro.

The musical numbers, mimed by female impersonators, with the able assistance of a couple of dancers, range

from simple impersonation, to satirical impressions, to outright burlesques, to the really extraordinary work of Caleb Stonn, who literally seems to become the stars he is impersonating.

Director Daniel Roussel has seen to it that the numbers are staged with an astute eye for context as well as content. For instance, we see a devastatingly funny rendition of "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy" by the Andrews Sisters (Bob Ray, Michael St. Laurent, and Antonio Pantojas). Suddenly, Mr. St. Laurent disappears, only to reenter moments later as Bette Midler. The music segues into the Midler version of the same number, with the two remaining Andrews Sisters providing the back-up, and we've suddenly bridged a whole era in the course of one number. Bob Ray also performs as a marvelously vulgar Mae West (accompanied by muscle-boys in turquoise sequined tanksuits), and as a deliriously demented Jeanette Macdonald, singing "San Francisco" in bouffant gown and roller skates. Antonio Pantojas doesn't really look like Ginger Rogers, but is quite successful in evoking her style and image.

But it is Caleb Stonn one remembers.



LEFT: Michelle Petti is backed up by a team of strapping footballers in a number from *Zou*, the glittery French Revue at NYC's The Blue Angel. (Photo by L'Amoreaux Graphics.) RIGHT: In a revue which features female impersonators, chorus girls, and headliners of all sexes, who do impressions of everybody from Mae West to Carol Channing and Laurel and Hardy, Brian Peterson stops the show nightly with his miming of Eartha Kitt songs. (Photo by Kenn Duncan.)



He appears first as little Shirley Temple—only to blossom before our eyes into a full-grown, full-blown Marilyn Monroe. His Marilyn is eerily successful. But when he comes on as Judy Garland, things really get spooky. We have to keep reminding ourselves that it isn't really Judy up there. He captures not only the style, the manner, and the vulnerability, but also the whole emotional life of his subject. In his work, impersonation approaches genuine art.

The Clubs and Discotheques

It used to be that a bar or a club was either gay or it wasn't. Nowadays, there's a blurring of distinctions, and a more tolerant attitude prevails. In all the clubs and discos discussed here, the ambience is gay, or partially so, but the crowds are mixed. They are places where anybody can go and enjoy.

Rocco's, on East 34th Street, is a small, comfortable and unpretentious room that offers a regular schedule of live entertainment. Bob Garrett and the Hot Act held forth the night I was there. Mr. Garrett himself is lively and personable and performs with style and energy. The three girls—two black and one white—who make up The Hot Act

LEFT: Craig Russell, as Carol Channing, serves as emcee—and gets the show off to a rousing start—in *Manhattan Follies*, at the Persian Room of the Plaza. BELOW LEFT: Antonio Pantojas, as Ginger Rogers, does a glamorous dance-turn with Tony Scaccia and David Radner. BELOW: Alan Hernandez plays Diana Ross playing Billie Holiday. OPPOSITE, TOP LEFT: Caleb Stonn as Marilyn Monroe singing "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend." OPPOSITE, TOP RIGHT: All in the family: Michael St. Laurent is Liza Minnelli and Caleb Stonn is Judy Garland in a duet from the show. OPPOSITE, CENTER LEFT: Bob Ray, Michael St. Laurent, and Antonio Pantojas, as Patti, Maxine and LaVerne, provide an enthusiastic rendition of "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy"—until Bette Midler gets into the act! OPPOSITE, CENTER RIGHT: Michael St. Laurent gives a flamboyant impression of the Divine Miss M. OPPOSITE, BOTTOM OF PAGE: Bob Ray as Mae West, Alan Hernandez as Diana Ross, Caleb Stonn as Judy Garland, Craig Russell as Carol Channing, Robin Magnus as Marlene Dietrich, Michael St. Laurent as Bette Midler and Antonio Pantojas as Ginger Rogers in the finale of *Manhattan Follies* provide the most fantastic lineup of stars ever seen on a single stage. (All photos of *Manhattan Follies* by Ken Howard.)





are all able performers and personalities in their own right. Together or separately, they're slick, smooth, and fun to listen to.

Moving on downtown, Reno Sweeney's, on West 13th Street, is a supper club that has really caught on. Again, the crowd is mixed. The atmosphere is relaxed and low-pressure, and the performers are respected, with nobody taking orders or serving drinks while the music is on. (If only more managements would provide that kind of courtesy!) And the music tends to be very good.

Bruce Roberts opened the show: a slightly roly-poly young singer-composer who accompanies himself on piano. As singer, composer, pianist, and low-key comedian, he's both able and charming. His slightly camp humor had the audience beaming, and a friendly house was enthusiastic in response to his songs.

Marta Heflin, a veteran of Broadway's *Hair* and *Jesus Christ Superstar* was the headliner. She's a no-nonsense singer, who doesn't rely on gimmicks or mannerisms. She just stands up there and sings, with delicacy as well as power, and her way with words is as effective as her way with a melody. Her husband, Peter Link (composer of "Salvation") provided able back-up on guitar, in addition to writing a goodly portion of her repertoire.

At Trude Heller's Discotheque, on Avenue of the Americas and 9th Street in Greenwich Village, it's a multi-sexual, multi-racial crowd in a live-and-let-live atmosphere. Decor is Art Deco with lots of chandelier prisms strung all over. A group of four young men who call



Marta Heflin shared the bill with Bruce Roberts at Reno Sweeney's. She's a no-nonsense performer who just stands up there and sings—with simplicity, delicacy and power. (Photo by Peter Link.)

themselves 20th Century provided a slick, fast-moving show that ranged from songs from the Fifties, to "Lady of Spain," to a medley of Stevie Wonder hits. They've subsequently moved uptown and are currently doing the stage show at Radio City Music Hall.

Club 82, on East 4th Street, is the high temple of freak chic. Boys in bib overalls, clodhoppers and feather boas; girls in hot pants and full-length gloves; you name it. The 10:30 show finally got underway at twenty minutes to twelve. A group called Fast proved that they were also "Loud." Even some of the 82 Club regulars were holding their ears. The group seemed to be technically proficient, if they ever decide to make music instead of noise. Topping the bill was Another Pretty Face, a glitter-rock group with some potential. The lead-singer is (or pretends to be?) a tough, crewcut, streetwise queen with a slightly

Tallulah manner and a hard-driving style. There's also a handsome blond guitarist whose glittery kewpie-doll makeup job doesn't conceal his basically boyish good looks. The crowd was liking them, but not quite getting off on them. They bear watching.

Strictly for the Gay Crowd

The Gilded Grape, under the aegis of Jerry Cohen, who's also the founder of the Hollywood and Turntable Discotheques, is a hangout for a mixed crowd that includes a sizable contingent of drag queens and their swains (as well as sundry other gentlemen of the evening). There's entertainment of some kind every night (a go-go dancer contest on Wednesdays, and a belly-button marathon—your guess is as good as mine—on Fridays). The show I caught, on a Sunday, was Champagne Follies. Record pantomimes again, but with a difference: Archie and Edith Bunker performing the opening number, which develops into a situation comedy. Archie, Jr., it seems, has blossomed into a drag queen ("I Enjoy Being a Girl"), and fallen for a blond go-go dancer. Archie, enraged, orders them out of the house.

Following an intermission, with disco music for the dancers in the house, we see Act Two. Archie, Jr., has gotten a job at the Gilded Grape, impersonating Diana Ross. Edith follows after ("I Gotta Be Me") and finally Archie appears with promises of tolerance and forgiveness for all. I saw it on the evening of the Gay Pride Parade, and there was a rousing Gay Pride Finale, complete with banners, American flags waving, and a Gay Power Cheer. There was also a black female impersonator, Pat, as



ABOVE LEFT: *Another Pretty Face* takes off in pursuit of perversity, with glitter makeup, flashy costumes, a queenly lead singer, and a good-looking blond guitarist at the 82 Club. (Photo by Ken Howard.) ABOVE CENTER: 20th Century (from left, Richard Casselmann, Geoff Leon, Orrin Reiley and Robert Kunar) is a stylish new singing group caught at Trude Heller's but since moved to the stage show at Radio City Music Hall. (Photo by Roy Blakey.) ABOVE RIGHT: Bob Garrett and the Hot Act is a singing group, whose members are all capable soloists. The girls (from left, Ellen March, Candy Brown, and Cheryl Barnes) are all currently appearing in Broadway musicals. We caught them at Rocco's but they've been appearing at many other clubs around town.

Laura Lee. I'm not familiar with Laura Lee, but Pat performs with such verisimilitude that he (she?) almost had me convinced he was doing his own singing. And he had the fans screaming with delight.

It's a good deal more modest in its scope and its pretensions than the big uptown shows—but so is the tab. It's a home-grown talent show, and a packed house clearly loved it. The place is lively, with waiters in sailor suits and a crowd that loves to dance. Certainly it's a great change of pace if you're tired of those oh-so-genteel East Side bars.

"Boys, Boys, Boys" All Male Revue is not the place to take your Aunt Minnie from Des Moines—unless you have a very unusual aunt. It does go in for a bit of everything, from tabloid record-pantomime versions of Broadway musicals to male go-go dancers and strippers.

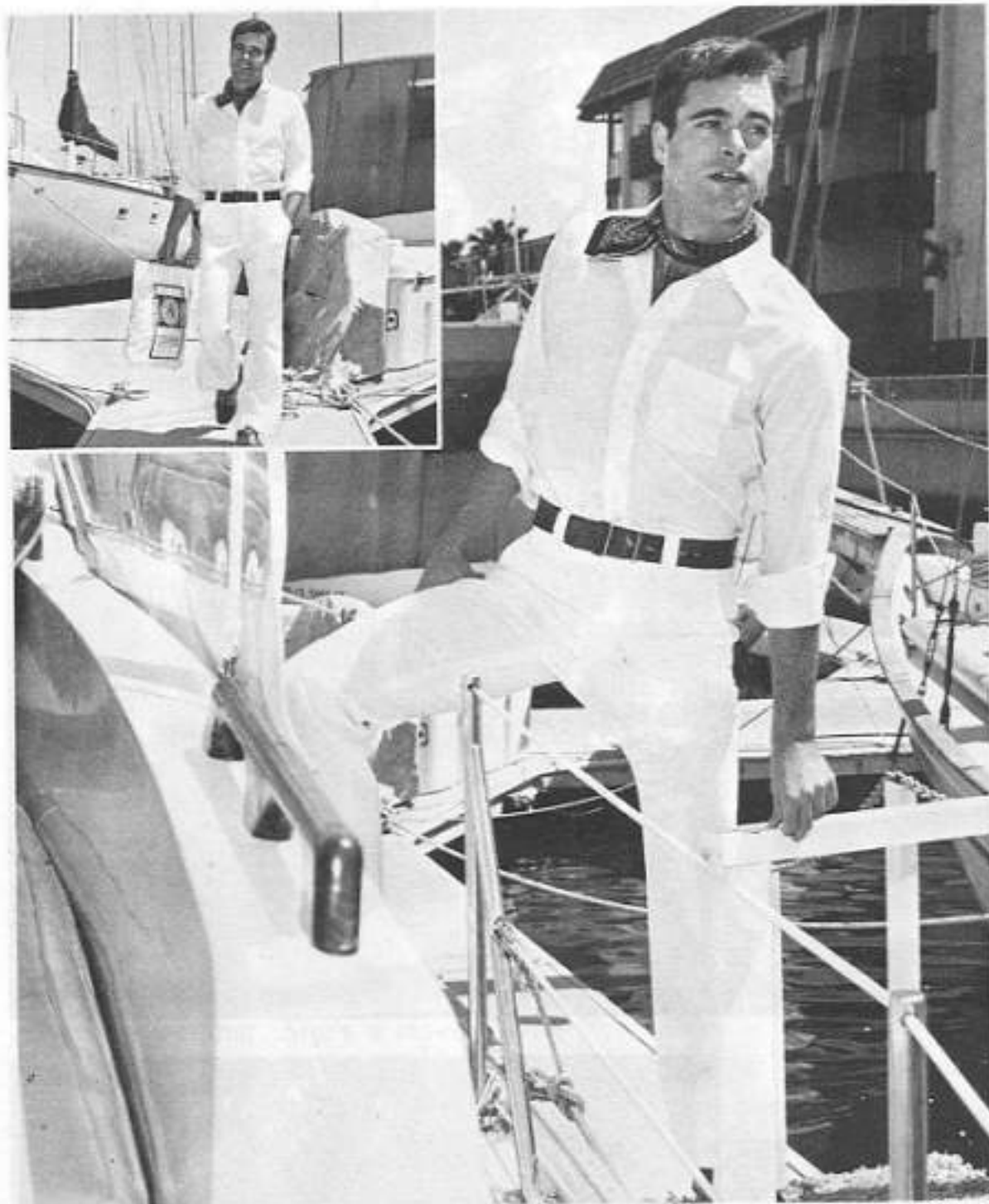
The show has been running on weekends for two years now, at Dramatis Personae, on West 14th Street. Producer Steven Baker insists on an all-new show every week, which means the quality varies wildly from week to week. But it has built up a following, and it's a good idea to call for reservations before trekking to 14th Street. The \$4 admission includes free wine, served by Billy, the resident Ganymede.

Be prepared for anything from raunchy lowdown comedy to classical ballet, from a can-can number to all-out erotica. A Pulitzer Prize winner it ain't, but the odds are you've never seen anything quite like it.



ABOVE: The cast of *Boys, Boys, Boys*, an all-male revue at Dramatis Personae (standing from left, Billy John Cabrera, Randy Christiano, Wayne Corliss, Ami Bell, George Stevenson, and Robert Speller. In the center is Joaquin LaHaba and on the floor in front is Geraldo Batista). RIGHT: Cuban-born Joaquin claims to be the first male fan dancer. He has appeared in the Palm Casino Revue, at the Red Feather Club and the Tijuana Cat. BELOW LEFT: Billy John serves wine at intermission in addition to dancing in the show. BELOW CENTER: Geraldo is a dancer with a lot of style, who does everything from ballet *en pointe* to a most unusual number with a posing strap. BELOW RIGHT: Robert's cowboy costume is reduced to the bare essentials. In addition to performing, Mr. Speller does the choreography for *Boys, Boys, Boys*. (All photos by Ken Howard.)





discovery

provocation and john millious

by Douglas Dean
photography by Dave Sands

He sits there opposite you, tan corduroy jeans hugging slim hips, a white shirt open at the collar and a brown sweater covering, but not concealing, the well-developed chest and broad shoulders, and you recall what Suzanne Langer, the eminent semanticist and psychologist once said, "It is a human need to symbolize. . . ."

Images pass through your mind, and you find yourself involuntarily categorizing the handsome young man, searching for a pigeon hole into which he can conveniently fit. A college football player, would you call him? Perhaps. A junior executive, maybe, caught off guard in a moment of relaxation? Yes, he could be that, too.

He smiles. It is as if he has seen through the curtain and divined your thoughts. "They label me, and I don't like it. I don't want to label *other* people, either."

Then, later, "I used to have guilt feelings about myself and my sexual orientation. I'm pretty much of a square, really."

Now you laugh and you remind him that he was opposed to labels. Isn't he putting a label on himself? He considers this and he grins. "I guess it's my middle-class upbringing. We all have a tendency to do it, don't we—to put ourselves into some neat little package tied up with a blue ribbon?"

It is a human need to symbolize.

So there it is, a perfect example of the curious contradictions, the conflicting impulses which comprise the personality of John Millious, which make him elusive and yet fascinating at the same time. Refreshing as a gentle mist, but ephemeral as you try to capture and contain it. John is there, physically and sensually alive . . . but he *isn't* there, because some independence of spirit removes him, puts him on a plane where no one can touch

him, can even get close to him. Friendly he is, warm and appealing, yet distant. Unattainable. A provocative enigma.

Born in Columbus, Ohio, twenty-five years ago, the young man played football in high school, but was undecided about what he wanted to do when he graduated. "My sister was studying in Switzerland. That gave me the idea to go abroad. I took economics at Edinburgh University in Scotland for a year. . . . All the while I really wanted to be an actor, but I was afraid to admit it, even to myself. My father was a lawyer, and the folks discouraged my interest in the drama. They thought only fairies went into the theatre."

Finally he enrolled at Ohio State University to major in political science. He lights a cigarette as he recalls his schooldays and there is a mischievous look in his eye. "I did the whole college bit. Joined Beta Theta Pi and dated all the sorority girls. Athletics? Oh, sure, I hung in there. I was on the swim team."

"I suppose you had some locker room experiences?" you ask hopefully. (Across your mind flash images of robust, happy youths, splashing about in the showers.)

He enjoys your excitement and he doesn't want to disappoint you. He leans back. His legs are spread as he sits there in the chair and you have a fine view. (Is the movement instinctive or calculated? You can't imagine.) But he smiles. "J.O. sessions? Oh, sure." He reflects for a moment. "Not long ago an old college buddy visited me here in San Francisco. He's married now and he really puts down homosexuality and the gay life. But I remember back to those college days—when *he* was the one who always wanted to have jackoff contests." John shakes his head. He's amused, not intolerant. "Some guys don't understand their own sexuality."

You wait, hoping he'll expound on this theme without encouragement or prodding from you. Again he doesn't disappoint. (He rarely does.) "The way I look at it, all human beings are sexual. We develop certain patterns—there are things we like to do—gay or straight—through learned behavior. What does it matter? We should all have the right to do our own thing, so long as we don't exploit other people—or force other people to do things with us which they don't want to do."

Ah. Your sentiments, exactly. Does this mean...?

You clear your throat. You collect yourself. After all, this is business. An interview is not an assignation. "Well—about your theatrical ambitions..."

"I majored in political science at Ohio State, but my minor was in theatre. I played a lot of parts in college shows—Billy the bartender in *The Iceman Cometh*, Nick in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, Cowboy in *The Boys in the Band*, Tommy in *The Music Man*, Dirk in *Mary, Mary*—and some others... I finally decided to hell with what my parents thought. What kind of a job could I get as a political science major? I made up my mind to try my luck as an actor and model."

You nod. Now he's on the right track. A kind of electricity fills the air as you encourage him. "So what brought you to San Francisco—instead of, say, Hollywood or New York?"

"Well, I'd visited here very briefly after I got out of high school." He shrugs, smiles as he searches for the words. "I just liked the town, the action here and the feel of the place. I came to the Bay Area three years ago."

Gradually you discover that he studied modern dance, took some classes in improvisation, and also enrolled in a class at the American Conservatory Theatre, under the direction of one of the company's leading actors, William Patterson, in the summer of '72.

Also, he had a number of odd jobs—as a file clerk and as salesman for a stationery company (to name a couple)—while he went the rounds of the modeling agencies. By 1974 he has now

done quite a bit of fashion modeling (for David Stephens and Bill Blass clothes) and also a television commercial for MG's.

He chuckles as he suddenly recalls something. "I was going with this chick who called me up one day and asked me if I'd like to do an exploitation film. I said sure, why not? The producer flew us to New York for twelve days' shooting. *Country Love* was the name of the picture. It was a real experience. I enjoyed it."

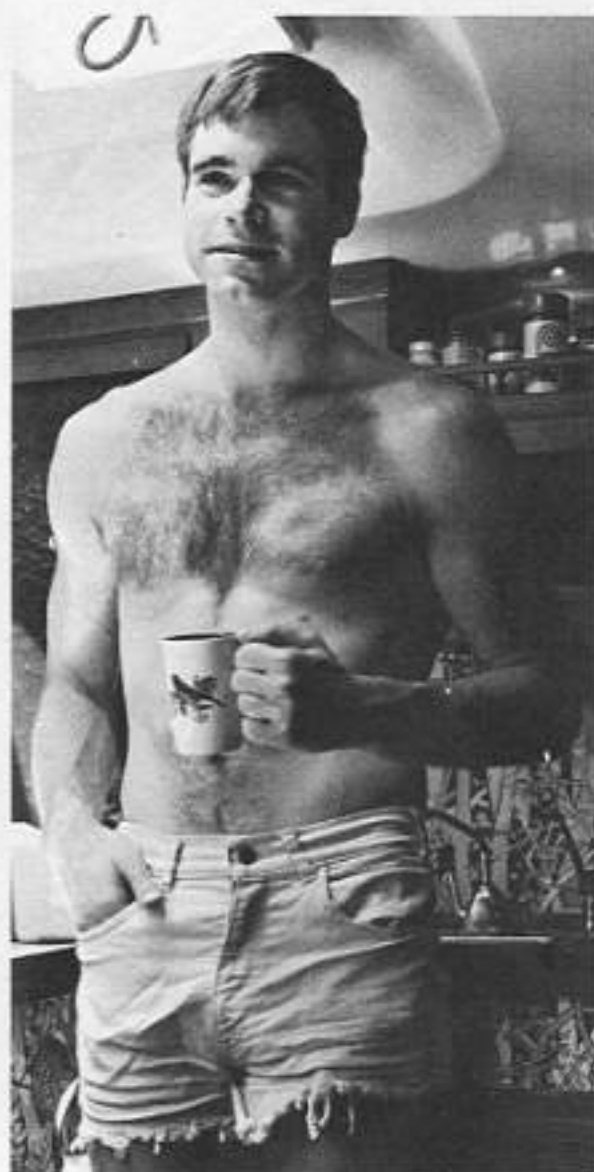
You remember that the first time you saw John was in the orgy scene of a Mitchell Brothers film. His physical development made him stand out in that film. You take a deep breath. He grins as you remind him of his performance. "Oh, yeah. *The Resurrection of Eve*. Well, that was another experience... But you don't learn much about acting in flicks like that. I did learn some things about filmmaking, the technical aspects of it, things about lighting and camera angles, from working in the sex films I did. But it didn't benefit my acting. It's just fucking, making flicks like that. Most of the time I was worried about keeping it up—not about acting, nuances of a characterization or anything really beneficial to me in the long run... I don't regret the sex films I did. But I don't think I'll make any more."

"What's next, then?"

He looks you straight in the eye. As he moves in his chair there is a rugged grace about him; the corduroy in his tight-fitting jeans faintly rustles against the fabric of the furniture. You notice the light hairs on the back of one hand, resting comfortably on his thigh. "There's your play, *Special Friends*. It's got a part in it that's just right for me. Sort of another Cowboy, only deeper and with a greater dimension. I could act the hell out of a part like that."

I'll bet you could, you think. "Ah, yes," you say aloud. "The part calls for a guy with a good build who can also act. There are nude scenes, and very specific love scenes. How will you feel about kissing another man on the stage?"

He is thoughtful for a moment. "I'm an actor," he says at







last. "With an actor, when he has to kiss someone—either a man or a woman—even somebody he doesn't like—if the script calls for it, he's gotta do it. I can't be bothered about what people think of me for doing it. Life's too short for such foolishness."

"The actor who plays the part in *Special Friends* has to be able to handle comedy lines and also play some very intense serious moments, I understand."

"That's right. And I can do it." His jaw is set, his tone is determined. His lips still smile. (Again the troubled waters underneath, but the calm on the surface. It's deceptive, this ambiguity, for which is the *real* John Millious?)

Last winter, between engagements, he was approached to take part in a revue called *The Male Symbol* at the El Cid in San Francisco's famed North Beach area. The producer wanted to cater to the Women's Lib movement. He thought "a musical revue featuring male entertainers and glorifying the male body (without displaying it completely nude) would turn on the female customers and do good business."

John Millious was one of five young men representing different types who were engaged to sing and dance in the show. John did a strip to a song called "It Pays to Advertise."

"At least I found out I can do song-and-dance routines," he says with a laugh. "But the show was a bomb. The customers didn't come. Women don't go to clubs like that alone, and what man is going to take his wife or his girlfriend to see other men bare-assed? The show wasn't slanted to appeal much to gay guys, either. So it just died. We did four performances a night for two weeks, and sometimes there were more people on stage than there were in the audience. . . . It was another good experience, but I made no money out of it."

"You didn't strip completely in your number, did you?" (More images are flashing across the brain: that firm, muscular body moving in rhythm to the music; Joe College as a sensuous cabaret entertainer. Ah, fantasy!)

He chuckles. "No. I just bared down to a G-string, a kind of posing pouch. And I wore shoes and socks, of course. . . . But to publicize the show I did streak the Bank of America."

"You what?"

"Yeah." He leans forward now, enthusiasm and delight growing in him as he tells the story. "It was before streaking became the big thing. You could say I was one of the original streakers, I guess. The producer asked me to run through the Bank of America in the financial district during the noon hour and do my thing on the front steps." He grins like a small boy, reliving the fun of the experience.

"How did the crowd react?"

"Oh, the people laughed. And the Question Man from the *Chronicle* was there."

"You had a ball, then."

He hesitates. "Well, it was a cold day with a lot of wind. I froze my buns off."

Yes, you think. The slight shudder he produces reveals the discomfort he felt. Yet another side of his nature, it occurs to you, propelled him forward, made him relish what he was doing. He reveled in it. The born performer, he would go through almost any torment in exchange for the love and approval of a watching audience, for the applause which could convince him of that approval. (Is this the key to his ambivalence, the enigma of him?)

The instability of a show business career worries him, he

admits. He is considering going to law school. At least he would have something to fall back on, if he doesn't make it as an actor. If he became a lawyer he would, after all, please his father. (Another key?)

The afternoon wears on. We talk. The proximity of him, his physical presence, the All-American-boy allure of him, are stimulating . . . the air seems charged with tension and pent-up desire. He realizes this and it pleases him. (He is glad to be appreciated.) He seems to surrender to some notions of his own; then, fearful, he pulls back. He opens, he retreats. (He can tempt the imagination and titillate the senses, but he must never reveal himself too much. He peeks through the crack in the door; he is excited. But he is afraid of what he might find inside of the room.)

"I told you I was a square," he says slowly, again seeming to divine your thoughts. "I don't date or cruise or go to bars much. . . . A buddy of mine from Ohio State came out to visit me a few months ago. Not the guy I told you about before, but another one. All he wanted to do was go out looking for a piece of ass. Christ, I've had more of that than I can handle! I couldn't make the scene. . . . Then he told me he'd heard there were 90,000 fags in San Francisco and why didn't we pick some up, make 'em blow us and then beat the shit out of 'em. I told him how juvenile he was. Man, his small-town trip was really showing! I almost took him to the Boot Camp or one of the leather bars on Folsom Street. It would have taught him a lesson, because there he would have met gay guys who could beat the shit out of *him*!"

Stirrings. Vague rumblings of dormant instincts, thoughts of pleasures once experienced and yearned for again. . . . Soft music comes from your stereo and you are quiet. Together, a heartbeat. No words are necessary. You remain silent for a time. He is relaxed, not uneasy or uncomfortable. He smiles, acknowledging the currents which pass between you. Your breath is a little uneven. No matter. He *knows*. He has leaned back in his chair now, and he looks at you with those eyes. Understanding. The moment is to hold, to cherish. . . .

After a while, satiated from the headiness of it, you come back to reality. He follows, agreeable, unresistant. He is still smiling. Does he expect more? He is *there*. (Or is he?) "If you had your choice," you say, "what kind of parts would you like to play?"

"Oh, Edward Albert parts, probably. Things like *Butterflies Are Free*. Maybe younger Robert Redford roles."

"What do you think of violence and graphic sex scenes in movies?"

"Violence, I don't like. I don't enjoy pictures like that. But explicit sex, sure," he continues with a grin. "Why not? I dig that—if it's part of the plot. . . ."

You wish, for a second, that you could *write* such a plot and play the scenes with him. Would the realization, however, be as delicious as the fantasy?

It is time, finally, for him to go and you walk to the door with him, admiring the glory of him, marveling once again at the trim waist, the rock-hard buttocks. He catches your glance. He grins (not at all displeased) and he touches you lightly, with a certain affection, on the shoulder. "See you later," he says softly. "Give me a call sometime."

That night you toss in your bed and it is a long, long time before you drift off to sleep.



In Touch with films

ABOVE LEFT: Warren Beatty (left), a newspaper reporter attempting to uncover a national conspiracy, is taunted by Earl Hindman, a loudmouth deputy, in a countryside cafe in *The Parallax View* (Paramount). ABOVE CENTER: Enigmatic millionaire John Huston (left) threatens detective Jack Nicholson, who is investigating a baffling criminal case in *Chinatown* (Paramount). ABOVE RIGHT: Cybil Shepherd gets her message across to suitor Barry Brown in *Daisy Miller* (Paramount). LEFT: Ian Wolfe is roughed up by *The Terminal Man*, played by George Segal (Warner Brothers). RIGHT: Michael Sarrazin is the college student/cabdriving, trying-to-get-ahead husband of Barbra Streisand in *For Pete's Sake* (Columbia).



For Pete's Sake has enough charm, wit, and fast action to make it just a little more than another glossy comedy. British director Peter Yates has combined the pace of *Bullitt* (his first American film) with the intimacy of his *John and Mary*, which was hardly a film at all but certainly had its moments. The result is not *What's Up, Doc?* but it comes in a close second and has other virtues that the Bogdanovich effort never bothered with. More than anything else *For Pete's Sake* is contemporary. It is a now film helping us to laugh at now problems. Everyone in the audience, after gagging with chuckle, kept whispering over and over, "That's so true."

Writer Stanley Shapiro has been long associated with glossy comedies, *The Perfect Furlough* ('58), *Pillow Talk* ('59), *How to Save a Marriage* ('68), etc. With co-writer Maurice Richlin he reaches down once more to the lower-middle classes and bemoans their peculiar financial daily problems as well as the excruciatingly silly torment of modern life. Nothing is missed but nothing is really exposed. It all seems to be innocuous and something less than silly. As a result, the plot, crippled by entangled alliances, fell flat on Henry's shoulders. Henry is the loyal housewife of struggling cabdriver Pete for whose sake she entangles herself.

It's all very complicated. But not really; it is all very simple as is repeated-

ly explained by the dingy housewife on the phone to her cousin in Texas, who could get them out of the mess at each or any stage of the entanglement. Let me explain. You see, it all started to get hairy when Henry (that's Barbra) borrowed three thousand from a underhand loan shark so that her husband, who got a tip from the dispatcher at work, can invest in pork bellies, which for sure are going to be bought up in a big Russian meat deal. Well, maybe it started before that. Before that they were busy struggling trying to put off paying one bill so they could pay another, all the while Pete, for whose sake Henry is balancing the budget, is trying to go to night school to get ahead. The whole idea is that Pete wants to get ahead. And that is why she, Henry, gets herself entangled, contracted out to the underworld. And once she does, they don't spend all their time worrying about bills anymore. What should be a nightmare is simply another Mad Mad Mad World where everyone wonders What's UP.

Among the film's many other virtues, Michael Sarrazin stands out (or better, stands around) as a special treat. He has matured to be more than just the usual young innocent he portrays and is now more of the modern baffled husband who turns over his affairs to a dynamic wife. In Pete he has nowhere the depth he was allowed with Miss Fonda in *They Shoot Horses* but he complements his

leading actress with the proper manner. The light scenes of lovemaking were kept light but somehow extra sensual because of his proper grace that unfolds an even more natural manner.

Of course, the film will be dismissed by many as just another vehicle for Miss Streisand. Any film might, but it is such a well-made film that it deserves more of an audience than Streisand fans will obediently provide.

William Redfield, as Fred, Pete's brother, gives a chilling interpretation of a little man climbing cautiously the ladder of success. Actually he takes no rung of the ladder by himself. His feet are pushed up by his horrible wife, Helen, fastidiously interpreted by Estelle Parsons. Helen is shallow but not so shallow as not to be capable of cruelty. Even her greed has more depth than can usually be found. Her bitchiness is perfectly shallow and persistent. It is a small part but one that cannot be left out of this contemporary pastiche. Thanks to Miss Parsons, it's most definitely right there.

If it had not been made by Peter Bogdanovich, *Daisy Miller* would have been an ever so quaint film. But it is a Bogdanovich film. More, it is a Bogdanovich-Cybill Shepherd film. And therein lies the problem. Bogie and Cybill are not Bogie and Lauren. Oh well, there must come a time when a

filmmaker's love for filmmaking becomes a duty; a time where his success becomes an obligation. It was such a time that Ken Russell turned in his report card and gave us a peak at his mastery of the art with *Savage Messiah*. Now, Bogdanovich has handed in this limp thesis wrapped with all the proper humility of a guilty lovesick adolescent. This film is as deep as puppy love and perhaps as real. Such realism, however, made it a cliffhanger of a bore.

On one hand the script (based on a story by Henry James) must be listened to; while on the other, the production is rich with visual language. It was executed as if there was nothing to do but look at the pretty movie while the dialogue chattered on. It is difficult to pay attention to both. Some movies you look at and some movies you listen to. A few movies have an integrity that does neither and utilizes both. But *Daisy* is the kind of girl that reveals one thing to the listener and quite another to the viewer.

Such an enigma, however, has not been successfully transposed to the film, *Daisy Miller*. Rather, we have two almost movies and very little integrity of content. The integrity of this work lies strictly in the form. Somewhere between the script and the director's interpretation of the story into images, the story slips away. It is not even a character study. Yet it is almost a confession of a fantasy about a character. Or perhaps the fantasy is about the actress. It is quite possible that Cybill Shepherd cannot act at all.

The dialogue is witty and the script is simple but not simple enough to be clear. Actually the story is not about *Daisy Miller* at all but about a young lovesick gentleman, who is too much of a gentleman to be too lovesick but also enough of a man to admit that he indeed is lovesick. He spies on Daisy and we are allowed to spy on him. Everything is ever so shameful and improper. We are uncomfortably charmed as we follow these two through a world of hollow people. Of course, a film about hollow people must of necessity be deeper than a mere statement of the innocence of superficiality. The sense of depth in a Bogdanovich film comes from the tension between his sophistication and his desire for simplicity. In *Daisy Miller* this unusual sense of depth

is as illusive as the shadow of a boy in a confessional booth. It is illusive and beautiful and shows the filmmaker's form but we are left with a "filmmade experience," not a film with any substance.

Peter Bogdanovich: "The main influences [on his criticism] were Andrew Sarris and Eugene Archer. . . . I was stupid about certain things; I didn't like *Psycho* at the time. I thought it was brilliant but immoral, or something idiotic like that. I remember sitting over coffee one night, and they explained to me why *Psycho* was a great film."

Hitchcock is regarded as the master of suspense and terror and with many imitators he has no rival, except perhaps Roman Polanski. Now, with *Chinatown*, Polanski has gone to the detective school of filmmaking. *Chinatown* is better than most films of its genre. Polanski has not gone back and remade a Raymond Chandler film the way it should have been; he has gone back with the loyalty of a devout disciple and made one the way they tried to make it. He has succeeded where all the *film noir* have failed and still brought his own talent, matched only by Hitchcock, to this film. *Chinatown* is a masterpiece, no doubt. But it feels like a mild masterpiece. It is too steady and certain to be a bombastic achievement. It is only what all those films tried to be.

Polanski's talent is as undeniable as his intentions are dubious. His mastery is in the exploitation of sudden terror. Early in the film something is done to J.J. Gittes' (Jack Nicholson's) nose. It is a brief flash of violence but its scabby, gauzed, stiff little stitches are present through most of the rest of the film. Polanski must love to torture audiences in these ways. He does it so well.

His early short films were strongly influenced by the empty-world aesthetics of Beckett, Ionesco, and Pinter mixed with Polish cynicism, black humor, and Gothic horror. From 1957 to 1962 he became known in Europe for his shorts, *Two Men and a Wardrobe*, *When Angels Fall*, *The Fat and the Lean*, and *Mammals*. In 1963 he was acclaimed for *Knife in the Water*; in 1965 he gave everyone nightmares with *Repulsion*; in 1966 no one quite understood *Cul de Sac*; and in 1967 he played with *The Fearless Vampire Killers*, star-

ring Sharon Tate. In 1968 he bent many an audience's head with *Rosemary's Baby*.

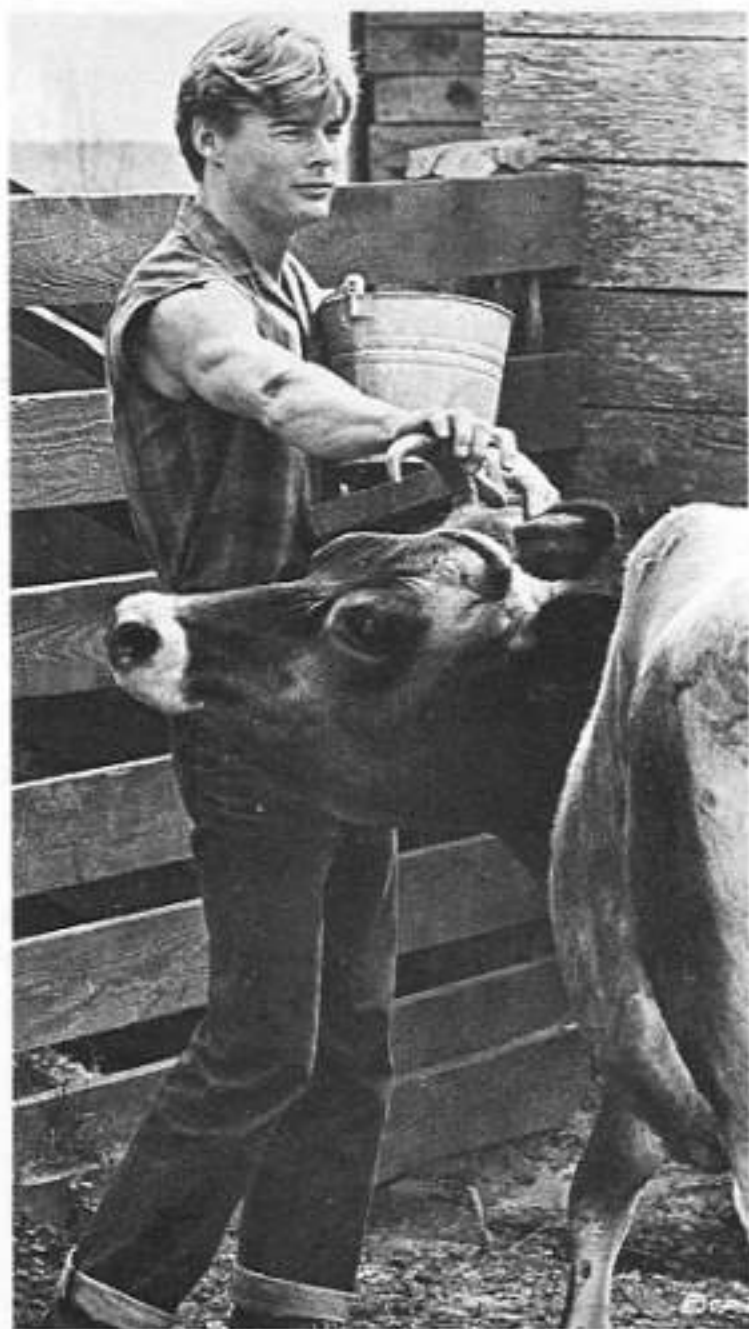
Forty-one-year-old Polanski, who started out as an actor experimenting with film in the film school at Lodz, has been controversial most of his life. At the age of twenty-two he was receiving criticism from Gromulka. But *Chinatown* is not controversial. True it is a story about the evils of greed, about property owning and power over the police, much more than of murder and incest that make up the plot. It is a perfectly respectable film. Some things that might be attempted in experimental films are here used completely naturally. Double and multiple exposures are used to recreate the real world of glass reflections seldom seen on the screen but are completely intelligible film language when employed here.

Like Hitchcock, there is humor here as well. It is an oblique glancing at the farcical nature of things. Everywhere humor underlines the shocks of the thriller. A sinister head of lettuce on the floor leads us slowly to a corpse surrounded by spilled groceries.

Besides wonderful performances from Jack Nicholson and Faye Dunaway, there is a great performance by John Huston. Mr. Huston is not only a great actor but a writer and director as well (often the greatest director, in my mind). He wrote *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* ('32), *High Sierra* ('41), *Sergeant York* ('41); wrote and directed *The Asphalt Jungle* ('50); directed *The Maltese Falcon* ('41), *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* (wrote and acted, '47), *Key Largo* ('48), *The Red Badge of Courage* (also wrote, '51), *The African Queen* ('51), *Moulin Rouge* ('53), *Beat the Devil* ('54), *Moby Dick* ('56), *Heaven Knows Mr. Allison* ('57), *The Misfits* ('60), *Freud* ('63), and many more since and many in between those and one of the recently most underrated great films, *Judge Roy Bean*. He acted in many of his own films: *The Bible*, *The Cardinal*, *The List of Adrian Messenger*; but as an actor he belongs to the director. He is the most professional man in movies. His performance in *Chinatown* is no exception.

Will the real exploiter please stand up? Everything you have ever wanted to

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special report - films

by John Marvin

BUSTER AND BILLIE

Jan-Michael Vincent fans, of whom there are an ever-growing number, are in for a treat this month with the release of *Buster and Billie*, his new film for Columbia Pictures. Not only does Vincent give one of his finest performances to date in the film, but he appears in his first extensive nude scene as well, and it is one which leaves absolutely nothing to the imagination!

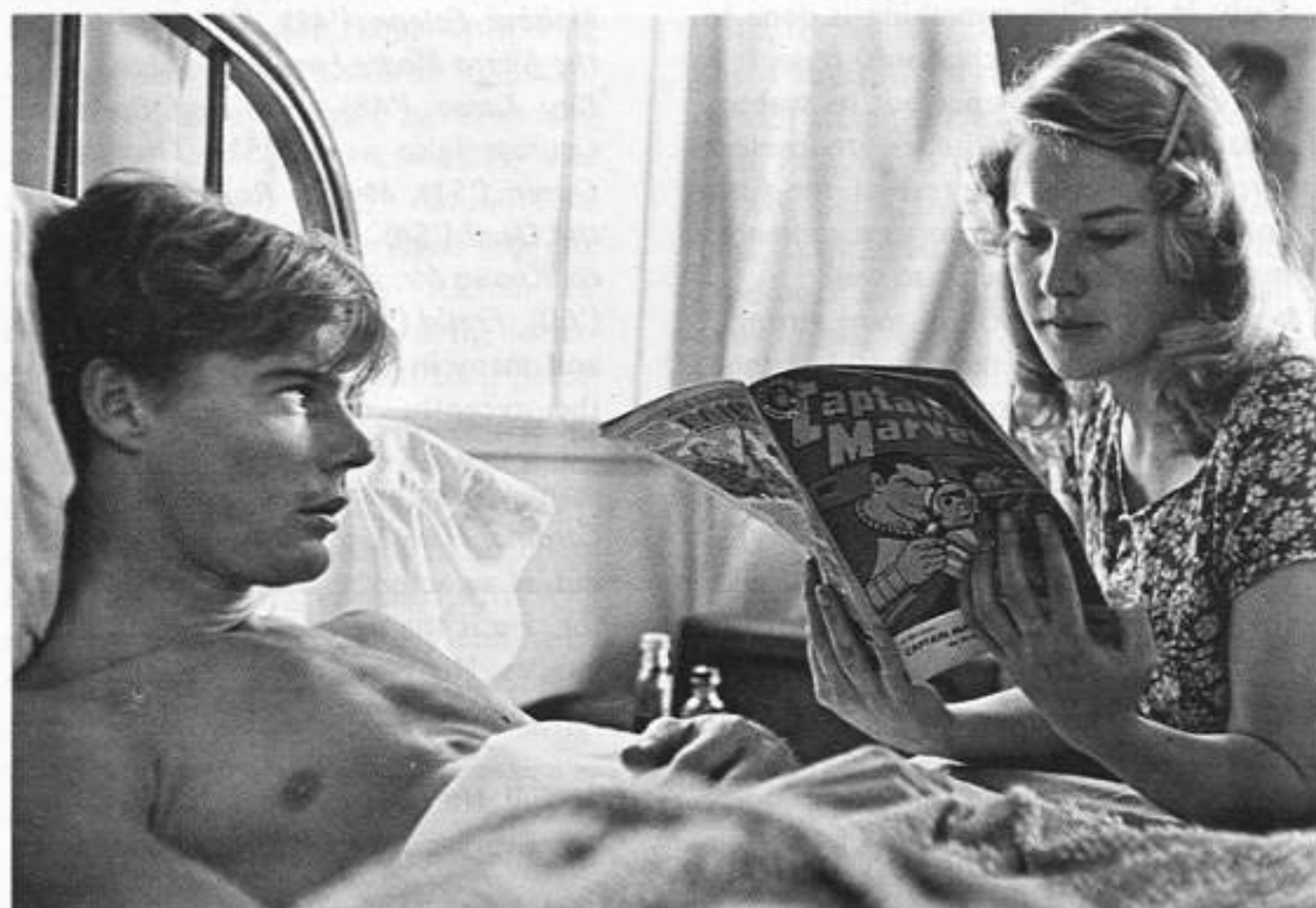
Vincent gives an outstanding per-

formance as Buster, the handsome, popular gang leader in his small rural high school, and the film tells of his ill-fated romance with Billie (played by Joan Goodfellow), the plain-jane outcast who has become the "lay of the land" for all the horny high schoolers on Saturday nights. It is set in Georgia in 1948, and although director Daniel Petrie has paid meticulous attention to the recreation of the era, the film never becomes an

exercise in nostalgia for its own sake. Evocation of time and place is detailed but never obvious, and is not allowed to overshadow the people and their story.

If the film has any one major fault, it is the script, an original story by 27-year-old Ron Turbeville, a pleasant, soft-spoken fellow whose laconic Southern drawl tells one instantly that the setting of the film is drawn from the author's own background. But although *Buster and Billie* is obviously a labor of love for Turbeville, he has committed the common sin of young writers and lost objectivity about it, thinking that because something is obvious to him it must be obvious to everyone else, also. When we discussed the film with him, he frequently offered carefully thought-out and logical insights into characters and their motivations that were unfortunately not always projected by the film itself. Clearly, he knows a great deal more about his characters than he has managed to communicate.

As a result the melodramatic climax, which Turbeville staunchly believes to be a logical and inevitable outgrowth of the story, seems to the casual viewer merely arbitrary and unnecessarily tragic, and it tends to dampen the enjoyment of what is essentially a pleasant

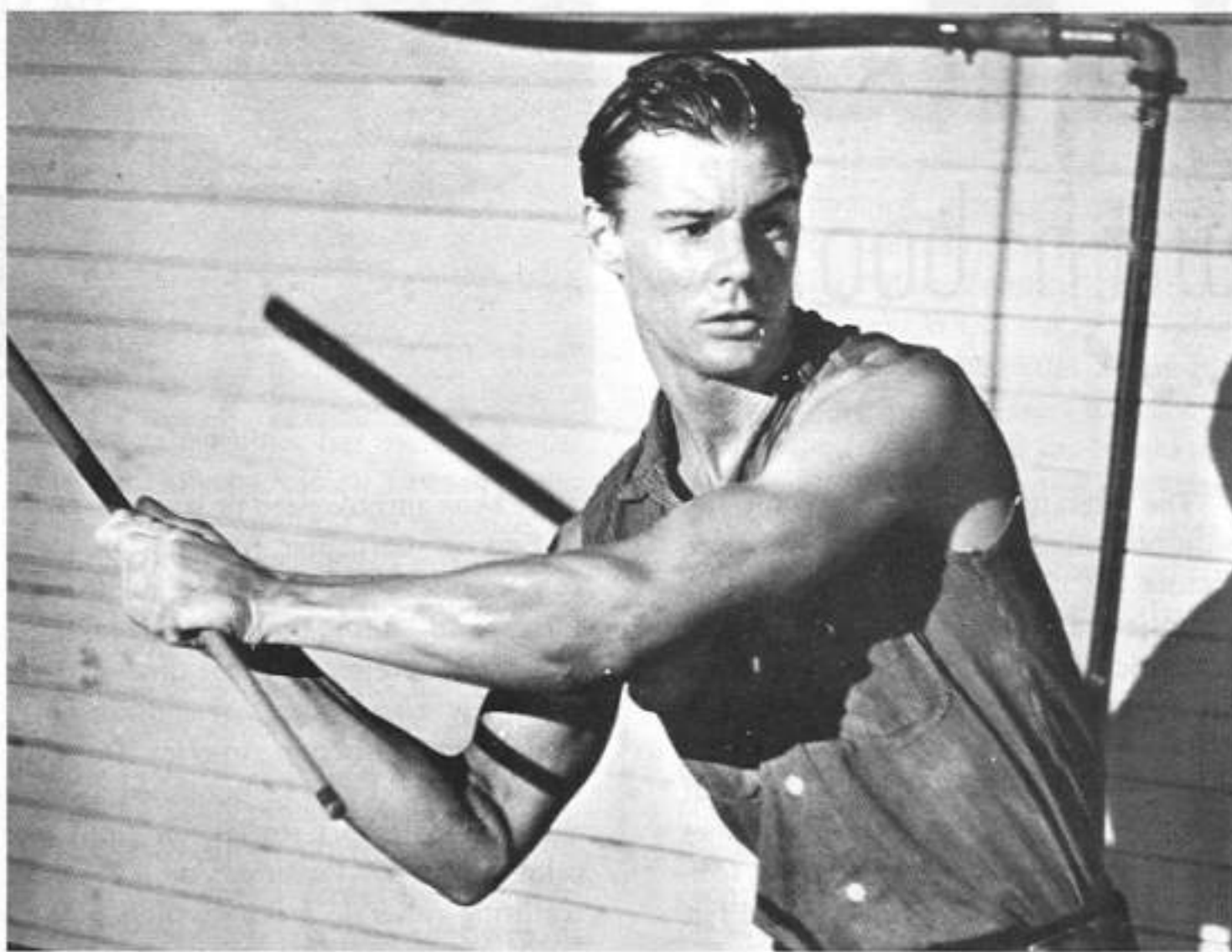


and entertaining light drama.

One happy surprise in the film is the performance of Joan Goodfellow as the obliging Billie, who is slowly wakened to the joys of love through the tender affection of Buster. Miss Goodfellow has made only one other film—she had a similar characterization in *The Lolly-Madonna War*, which helped gain her this part—but we can only hope that we will have more opportunities to watch her perform in the future. Our only fear is that she is in danger of becoming type-cast as a simple country girl, so perfect is her performance in *Buster and Billie*. She has, in fact, an extensive New York stage background in Shakespearean and classical drama.

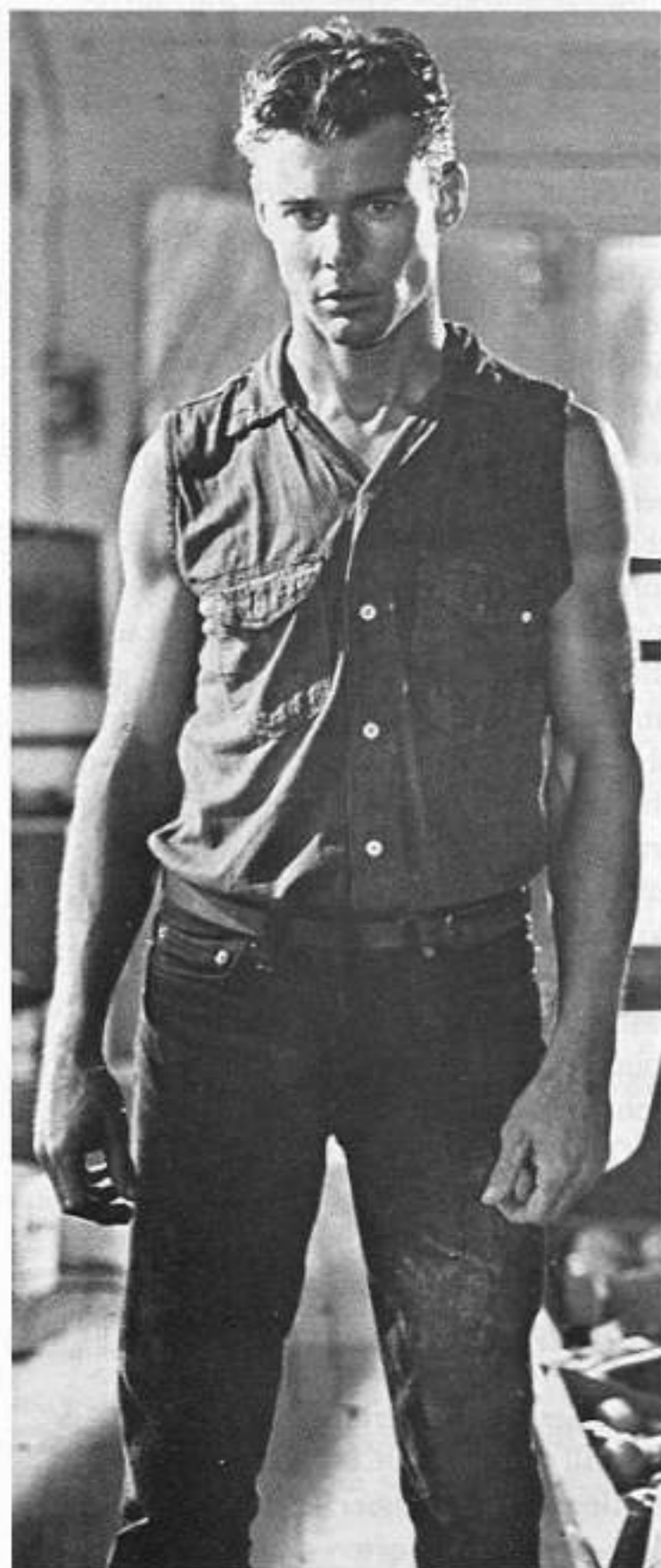
Except for the five or six key roles, director Petrie has cast the film entirely with non-professionals chosen during a scouting expedition through Georgia, where the film was shot. The result is a gallery of fresh and perfectly "right" faces, and surprisingly, a collection of natural and insightful performances. Viewers will be unlikely to tell which actors are the professionals and which were recruited from the schools and Rotary Clubs of Georgia.

As we mentioned, one of the highlights of the film for gay audiences, who comprise a substantial percentage of Jan-Michael Vincent's large following, is the nude swimming scene—the first full nude scene he has ever done. Discussing



the sequence, director Petrie mentioned that he gave Vincent the option of playing it nude or of retaining his undershorts. "My only condition," Petrie revealed, "was that it would not be one of those double-standard scenes. If Jan wore his shorts, Joan, who appeared in it with him, would keep her underwear on too. But Jan just said, 'I've got nothing to hide,' and he agreed to play it in the nude. I think it gives the scene just the right touch of youthful enthusiasm, and that it doesn't make it erotic or obscene at all."

We agree wholeheartedly with Mr. Petrie. We would add that for fans of Jan-Michael Vincent, the swimming scene alone is worth the price of admission; however, for that same admission, the moviegoer also gets a performance bordering on the brilliant. Vincent's career has always run contrary to his image. He made his first appearances in the teeny-bopper fan magazines and seemed destined to be just another in a long line of pretty faces until he surprised viewers in several carefully selected roles in off-beat pictures such as the television movie, *Tribes*, in which he proved to be an actor of no small talent too. Since then he has tried to pick his parts with some discretion, and although *Buster and Billie* is a flawed film, Vincent has nothing to be ashamed of in his performance in it. It is certainly worth a couple of bucks any day of the week.



In Touch

with books



The literature most of us grew up with presented an almost totally hetero picture of human experience. Love poems were invariably boy-girl, as were romantic novels, films, even fairy tales. Still, many of us caught our first clear spark of gay consciousness when somewhere, often without a guide, without warning, we stumbled on a few lines which reflected our own hidden feelings, which told us that others had felt as we did.

Perhaps it was the way Mark Twain described Huck's yearning for an all-male world; or that special aura that hung over male-male relations in Horatio Alger, Jr.'s, novels; perhaps David's lament for Jonathan in the Bible, or Ruth's pledge for Naomi. Perhaps one found the sudden boldness of Whitman, or those so fleetingly homoerotic World War II poets, or the hints in early Isherwood novels, or the undertones in the verse of Emily Dickinson, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Laurence Hope, Walter Benton, or more recently, Rod McKuen (I mention mostly older writers, because there's been so much clearly labeled gay literature around since about 1950, and also so much more about the subject in the general press). But even on finding any of these, or the flood of not always excellent gay novels we have seen in the last decade, we were often distressed that there seemed to be so little in the vast storehouse of world literature that touched on our specific feelings, ambitions, experiences. . . .

Our poverty was an illusion. There was hidden treasure all over the place. But it was very well hidden. From the ancient Gilgamesh epic on, gay spirit and experience has figured heavily in world literature—Greek, Islamic, Japanese, German, American, you name it—as I will trace in a UCLA Extension class starting in September. But rarely has our scattered and often suppressed liter-

ature been anthologized or studied.

Edward Carpenter, prophet of gay consciousness, 72 years ago published *Iolaus, An Anthology of Friendship*, and there were around that time several extremely circumspect "friendship collections" published in America. Donald Webster Cory in 1953 published a fine anthology of short stories, long out of print, called *21 Variations on a Theme* featuring several major writers. The 1961 Anderson and Sutherland anthology, *Eros*, updates Carpenter, but that too would be hard to find now. "J.Z. Eglinton's" excellent work, *Greek Love*, focuses on boy-love.

The Male Muse, edited by Ian Young, Crossing Press, \$3.95, 127 pages, is a fine anthology of contemporary gay verse, largely free from the pathetic, slinking-through-the-shadows tone of many of the older collections. A very handsome paperback, it fills a real need.

The new tone is, I think, best suggested by Perry Blass:

I have this vision of madness:
dear gay brothers
please get out of the trucks,*
the sun is rising,
before it is too late.
Make lines, hold hands
and form a procession out to the sea;
when the sun rises
turn around and face each other
ask where the day goes
and
what have you done with the time?

*For non-Manhattanites, "the trucks" is one of New York's wildest orgy scenes, in and around trucks parked overnight near the westside docks. You may recall the raid in the trucks in the film *The Detective*, with Frank Sinatra playing the decent cop.

I found a number of old favorite poets here—though not represented, I felt, by their most appropriate works. Robert Duncan's contributions are

strong but a much better selection of Kirby Congdon, Thom Gunn, Harold Norse and Paul Mariah might have been made, and when we get to the "big names," Allen Ginsberg, Paul Goodman, Christopher Isherwood and also John Wieners, the selections seem decidedly weak. But the contributions by John Lehman and Tennessee Williams are quite strong, as are those by Barber, Field, Pomeroy and editor Ian Young.

"Lover's Quarrel," by Edward Field, hits home as the plaint of the gay lover whose partner still wants to roam:

"You say I'm more jailer than lover.
Then I say, Okay, go break loose. . . .
I just can't see myself at home
when you come in at dawn with the
whirlies
(you always drink too much with strangers, darling):

Someone else gets the kisses, I get the hangover. No thanks.

The stark image in his "Moving Man" is a delight, and the frankest sexually in the collection.

San Francisco poet, painter, critic Ralph Pomeroy checks in with an ironic description of "The Leather Bar," and a plaintive bit, "Gay Love" and "The Movies":

Watching love stories on TV,
watching a movie,
I wonder where we are.
I've wondered for a long time.
I've never seen any of us there,
straight on, like nouvelle vague lovers,
like psychedelic dancers.

I've never seen us, arms akimbo,
standing in the morning, waiting,
lying around in grassy meadows

....

I've wondered sometimes if that's what it feels like to be black—
looking on all the time at exquisite or

banal white rituals: —

....

Here is a book one can go to, again and again, "to see that what we know exists."...

Going Down With Janis by Peggy Caserta as told to Dan Knapp, Dell, \$1.50, 267 pages, is the second of two books recently issued on Janis Joplin. Of all the rock stars who blazed briefly across the sky and burned out as fast, none was as brilliant, as wild, as gay or as lost as this plump, ugly duckling from Port Arthur High, who moved into the San Francisco rock and blues scene about 1966 when she split \$20 a night with the band, but had already begun to show the frenzied power that would later be so explosive with mass audiences. *Buried Alive*, the biography of her last public relations agent, was described by most critics as a major exposé of the degenerate conditions encouraged by rock-star promoters, and as "well-researched" even though critics were generally disgruntled that Myra Friedman discussed Janis' lesbianism. Ms. Caserta doesn't "discuss lesbianism." Rather she pours out, from a face-down-in-the-crotch position, some of the hottest description I've read, by a woman, of female gay lovemaking, and the sketch she draws of Janis and of herself, and a score of other names around town, big and small, is stark, but a far cry from the vicious, disgusting, perverted, Krafft-Ebing style descriptions which most non-gay critics reported.

Many gay women might not care for a book that is so explicit sexually, but none that I have talked to objected to that, and it is a book which ought to be read by gay males as well. Really strong. I don't know if Ms. Caserta's confessions are accurate, somewhat exaggerated, or completely imaginary, as some reviewers have suggested (they can't accept the idea that a folk heroine would do things like that) but it rings true.

Sexism—It's a Nasty Affair, by Jeanne Cordova, \$2.00, New Way Books, Hollywood, 79 pages, is a tiny but sturdily handsome paperback collection of Ms. Cordova's lively essays on gay womanhood and other topics from the *L.A. Free Press*. It is strikingly illustrated by photos and several drawings—

and those by Kathleen Helms are particularly exciting, the sort one would want in framed prints.

She starts with a quick and fine sketch of the woman's movement in America (I would recommend a later essay on the English movement as well, with a bit more than the bare bones of the story). Jeanne Cordova, a few years ago an officer of the then conservative Daughters of Bilitis, has moved into the forefront of the Radical Lesbian movement locally, and was an organizer of the massive 1973 Lesbian Conference at UCLA and is active with the publication, *Lesbian Tide*. She is a witty and merciless polemicist in the battle of the sexists, and some frightened males who think that the lesbians are out to castrate us all, will probably have heart failure by the bottom of page 11.

But gay males especially ought to read the whole book. Women have a lot to complain about in regard to male treatment of them, even if some of us don't always understand the complaints. And there's a bit of crossfire due as well. It doesn't pay to bottle these resentments up, and I think it is necessary now that some women burn with a hard flame for these centuries of repression—still, it hurts to be in the line of fire when you're telling yourself that it's only the het males that have been oppressing women, so I can't say that I personally enjoy everything that Jeanne Cordova (or other radical lesbians) writes.

But she is doing what needs to be done. I personally still feel that male and female Gays have a lot in common. But unless we also recognize how much friction exists, how much our objectives differ, we will find our progress constantly blocked.

For radicals, lesbian or otherwise, who want to rush prematurely to the barricades, to knock down the old society right now, she writes:

"I am not anxious to have any sort of revolution while the odds are so against us. I am not yet ready to lay the first brick in Lesbian Nation because I would not wall one single sister out. Besides, I don't know how to lay bricks, and I think it is now wise to write and ask the sister who does to join us."

She is, as she said proudly at the recent Christopher Street (and Christine Street, she insisted) rally in De Longpre

Park, "a greedy dyke. I don't want a little handout; I want it all, and I want it now." But her essays, terribly brief, by *Free Press* standards I suppose, show her also a rationalist, a realist. I personally found her "Trauma in the Heterosexual Zone," and "More Trauma," the most effective pieces. When she is throwing around sweeping generalities about the economics of sexism, I start to quibble. Not all the facts seem to me to add up. But when she talks about her own experience, and gets a bit off the flip style, she writes with real power about experiences that are not that much different for female and male Gays.

Gay Men Speak by Ronald Lee and **Lesbian Love and Liberation** by Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon, in the *Yes Book of Sex* series, published at \$1.95 each by the Multi-Media Resource Center, 540 Powell St., San Francisco 94108, are handsome, sturdily bound, uniform pamphlets, edited by Ted McIlvenna and Laird Sutton of the National Sex Forum (an offshoot of Glide Methodist Church). Each consists of about 15 pages of text and as many pages of upbeat, hip-style photos of gay life and love. The photos are excellent, and the text includes additionally a general statement on "saying yes to sex" and a brief bibliography. Ideal for Gays just coming out, or for giving to your favorite aunt. The male book is lyric, general, and had, for me, an excess of the sweet jargon of encounter groups, but nonetheless a fine, balanced statement of gay perspectives. Ms. Martin and Lyon, veterans of 19 years of leadership in the lesbian, homophile and women's liberation movements, and authors of the fine book *Lesbian/Woman*, manage to be both more immediate and to get beyond saying the obvious. They do report one bit of research without telling where it was published. In a study of attitudes of 163 Bay Area psychotherapists and social workers it was found that 98 percent felt it was possible for homosexuals to achieve effective functioning in life; 79 percent felt that homosexuality ought not disqualify a person from teaching or 72 percent from armed services, and 95 percent that homosexuality should not disqualify one from state or local civil service.

—LYN PEDERSEN



In Touch with theatre



ABOVE LEFT: Jean Simmons greets her expected and unexpected guests with considerable trepidation in the "A Weekend in the Country" scene from *A Little Night Music*. ABOVE CENTER: Robert Preston, as Mack Sennett, berates Bernadette Peters, as Mabel Normand, which happens a lot in the Broadway-bound *Mack and Mabel*. ABOVE RIGHT: In *The Mind With the Dirty Man*, Merry Rockwell, as a porno-starlet, charms Richard Erdman, her film review board father-in-law. (Photo by Ron Scherl.) FAR LEFT: Victor Buono as Falstaff lifts John Glover as Prince Hal



rather unroyally in the barroom scene from *King Henry IV, Part 2* at the San Diego National Shakespeare Festival. LEFT: Phil Leeds (left), and Jose Ferrer as a couple of vaudeville comedians recreate a famous comedy sketch in *The Sunshine Boys*. RIGHT: David Cahalan as Sebastian is about to be willingly seduced by Nada Rowand as Oblivia in the space-age production of *Your Own Thing* at San Diego's Carter Centre Stage.



The Harold Prince production of *A Little Night Music* in the Shubert restores a lost elegance to the theatre that has been sorely missed. Out of unlikely source material (an old Ingmar Bergman film), Mr. Prince has devised a beguiling, intelligent diversion that never insults the mind nor panders to more obvious dictates of the box office. Rather, he has put together a musical play that has the precision of a fine watch in which taste, style and, yes, let me say it, refinement, play important roles. Hugh Wheeler has effortlessly adapted the movie to the stage, Boris Aronson has created startlingly beautiful birch trees to surround one of the loveliest French chateaus imaginable, and Florence Klotz has designed period gowns that are models of their kind. Indeed, Miss Simmons' red gown drew prolonged applause the moment the audience clapped eyes on it. The lighting by Tharon Musser is all dappled and soft, just right for a mid-summer's night in a land where the sun seldom sets.

Patricia Birch has choreographed the show in the midst of the trees with a sweetness of style that is downright demure and Richard Parrinello's musical direction, coupled with Jonathan Tunick's orchestration, does rich justice to the tricky Sondheim score. The cast is brilliant. Each player is a hand-picked performer who can sing with great skill and delineate his role with the maximum dexterity. George Lee Andrews, new to me, is all of 31 and I defy you to find me a singer-actor anywhere who could be more adroit and winning than his Fredrik. He is supposed to be twice his age onstage and he has no trouble at all making you believe it. His voice is something else. So is his personality. For finding this actor for Los Angeles, I shall award Harold Prince my own personal Tony. I loved his interpretation of the line:

"To flirt with rescue when one has no intention of being saved!"

In a role that makes very few demands on her, Jean Simmons is none-

theless enchanting. Even through my binoculars, she looked positively ravishing. She has a pert quality her screen fans will immediately recognize and she uses this to great advantage in the smash hit, "You Must Meet My Wife." I also thought "Send in the Clowns," which is her solo turn, was deliciously brittle. Margaret Hamilton makes the most of Madame Armfeldt, although I can see hers bears slight resemblance to the Ginkgold version. Still, it has authority and charm and her rendition of such a wistful line as:

"Having outlived my own illusions by centuries, it would be soothing to share some of yours" leaves nothing to be desired.

Stephen Leheuw reveals a splendid tenor lurking beneath Henrik's dour spectacles and, from where I sat, considerable sex appeal. Ed Evanko's gorgeous baritone makes Carl-Magnus a decided plus and his wife—tall, statuesque, Alexis Smith look-alike, Andra Akers—is a revelation. In a small but very flashy

part, she steals the show in every scene in which she appears. Late in the show Mary Ann Chinn as Petra sings a very difficult song, "The Miller's Son," and uncorks a rousing contralto, proving there isn't a non-virtuoso set of pipes in the company.

A friend of mine, upon leaving the Shubert, made the following remark:

"I want to see this again. It has class."

And that, I believe, is the key to *A Little Night Music*. In a show about sex, I never heard the word [expletive] uttered all evening. It's nice to have civilized people back in the theatre again.

Mabel Normand flourished in the early days of filmmaking and much of her career and private life with Mack Sennett has been shadowy. So, at the suggestion of Leonard Spigelgass, a musical has been devised around the pair called *Mack and Mabel*. It is world premiering in the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion. I had hoped that writer Michael Stewart would throw a little light on their strange relationship. In Sennett we have a man whose comic genius produced the Keystone Kops plus stardom for his hoyden. And yet, throughout their bright career together, he never spelled out his love for her and they never married. Perhaps Leonard Spigelgass should have gone ahead and written their story himself. He is a most skillful writer and his biography of Edward G. Robinson readily attests to this. But Mr. Stewart has scant talent for the theatre and certainly nothing he has written here tells us anything about Mack Sennett or Mabel Normand. Two actresses have tackled Mabel and departed her portrayal. I regret to report Bernadette Peters out almost at the inception and trails through the evening as a cypher. The role itself is shallow, unpleasant and literally devoid of charm. Jerry Herman has supplied a score that is, on occasion, delightful but "The Song of Bernadette" is invariably without luster or distinction. As Mack Sennett, Robert Preston is in there pitching every minute. Come to think of it, he is almost never off stage. Any production that can boast his services is on the right track. He sings beautifully, even some poor songs he has been handed, and he acts the hell out of whatever material comes his way. Too often there is pre-

cious little. Mack and Mabel makes the serious error of assuming silent film comedy is still convulsively funny. That a good cream pie in the kisser and a kick in the derriere are worth their weight in gold. When early Sennett chases are projected on a screen, the assumption works. But when attempts are made at funny schticks in the new text, they are a far cry from merriment. It is Mr. Champion's tack that if something poor is performed at a great rate of speed the audience will be conned into thinking it is rather good. This, aside from the fiasco of no visible leading lady, is what is so seriously wrong here. Mack and Mabel has no visible style, no story to tell that is absorbing and no relationship between its principal characters that is worth exhuming them from their graves. Actually, I think this musical does a disservice to their memories.

William Desmond Taylor is murdered onstage in such a boring fashion that you don't give a damn. At the time of his actual death, all of Hollywood cared and mourned and it was the scandal of the century.

When the talkies come in and various members of Sennett's staff leave, you don't bat an eyelash because none of them have been more than cardboard cutouts. How are we to react when we say adieu to papier-maché people?

Someone on the production's team thinks he can play God and he resurrects the drug-overdosed corpse of Mabel for a happy-ending wedding. This is the shoddiest touch of all. But Gower Champion is not a man to be written off nor is Jerry Herman. After all, they gave us *Hello Dolly!* On several occasions these two produce results of sure-fire proportion. The bathing beauty Act One finale, "Hundreds of Girls," is smashing. The gals slide down a serpentine chute that snakes out of the ceiling and spins dizzily to the floor of the stage. This effect is marvelous and, later, when Mabel steps on a celestial crossbar, it plunges her nonstop to the ground. The ballad, "When Mabel Comes in the Room," is a sensational hit and Lisa Kirk's "Tap Your Troubles Away" is a gorgeous tribute to Busby Berkeley's old foolishness. The set, a fantastic recreation of an early sound stage, replete with a lovely skylight and virtually hundreds of spotlights, must have cost at least a quarter of a million dollars. How

to save it? Who could play Mabel? Maybe Ruta Lee? Brenda Vaccaro?

I think the orchestra needs to be augmented with brasses, cymbals and drums. It requires authority for the shape and sound of a big-time musical, something it presently lacks. The men in the show, aside from Mr. Preston and James Mitchell, are shamelessly unattractive. Why, pray, is this? I also think Barbara Matera ought to go to Western Costume to learn how to sew a hem before she executes costumes. This bright note on the credit side: I positively loved Robert Preston, high on a camera boom, the master of all he surveyed, lustily singing his lungs out. But then, I pretty much loved everything about Mr. Preston.

—ALLAN LEOPOLD

The American Conservatory Theatre imported Jose Ferrer and Phil Leeds to play the roles of Lewis and Clark, the aging comedy team, in its summer production of *The Sunshine Boys* and it's certainly a good thing that it did. A thin play at best, with only a few amusing lines or moving moments, I doubt that the Boys would ever have been granted a production anywhere had Neil Simon's name not been on the script. Ferrer and Leeds worked hard and were fairly successful in making audiences believe something was happening onstage in the San Francisco production. I shudder to think how dull the evening might have been without two such virtuoso performers utilizing their skills to bring such static material to life. Henry Hoffman, a regular ACT member, did a workmanlike job in the show's third most important role, and Vivian Bonnell had a bright spot or two as the nurse in attendance to the old gentleman played by Ferrer.

The Mind With the Dirty Man has had successful runs in other cities, and there is no reason to doubt that it will duplicate its popularity in the version which opened in late June at San Francisco's On Broadway Theatre. Someone called this show a "clean dirty play" and that rather aptly describes it, I think. The producer and director term it a sex farce, but in that category it is a copout. It titillates rather than satisfies. However, it does this smirking very cleverly, and manages to remind us of something we have a tendency to forget: i.e.,

Continued on Page 85



special report - theatre

AS YOU LIKE IT

by Douglas Dean

LEFT: Geoffrey Burridge (Silvius), Christopher Neame (Phebe) and Gregory Floy (Rosalind) rehearse in London for the American tour of *As You Like It*. (Photo by Chris Arthur.) RIGHT: Clifford Williams is the director of this unusual all-male production of Shakespeare's comedy originally presented by the National Theatre of Great Britain (Photo by Hank Kranzler). OPPOSITE, top left: Rosalind (Gregory Floy), Corin (John Gay) and Celia (David Schofield) in the letter scene from the play. OPPOSITE, top right: Orlando (Paul Hastings, left) confronts Frederick (Gilbert Wynne, right) as Touchstone (Nigel Hawthorne) looks on. OPPOSITE, center: Jacques (John Nettleton, seated) listens to Amien's song (Ian Hanson). OPPOSITE, bottom: Not the least interesting facet of this NTGB production, which opened its North American tour at ACT in San Francisco is the unique plastic and plexiglas setting by Ralph Kotai. (All photos on this page by Hank Kranzler.)



How is it possible to revive a classic play, a comedy or drama with which a large section of the public is already familiar, so that the production can seem new, fresh and exciting? This is a problem which has faced theatrical regisseurs for decades.

For a couple of centuries, as an example, the plays of William Shakespeare were designed and acted (with only slight variations) in the so-called Elizabethan style. Then a few directors and actors began to get a bit more daring. After all, if you're going to keep an audience awake during a soliloquy like "To be or not to be," there's got to be something about the way it's done that's unique, something that gives the well-known lines an extra punch. One production that I know of put *Hamlet* in the Victorian era: John Gielgud staged Richard Burton's interpretation of the melancholy Prince in modern rehearsal clothes. On half a dozen different occasions *Hamlet* has been played by a woman. (Those of us who saw Dame Judith Anderson's sweet Prince in 1970 would just as soon forget *that* effort!) I know one plumpish actor who insists that *Hamlet* should be played by a fat man, and he points to various lines in the play which "prove" his theory. (Think of the new dimensions it would

give to *Hamlet's* relationships with Ophelia and Gertrude if the part were played by a fat man!) It's an interesting concept.

Now the National Theatre of Great Britain, certainly a company which has been through the mill, one might say, in presenting Shakespeare's plays in a variety of different fashions, has brought to our shores in America its somewhat startling production of *As You Like It*, sponsored by S. Hurok and Herman and Diane Shumlin. I saw this production last July in San Francisco, where it played for three weeks prior to its tour of sixteen cities throughout the U.S. and Canada. It's scheduled to open in New York in January, 1975.

What makes the National Theatre's *As You Like It* so distinctive is its stark, almost black comedy approach to the play's heart, its simple yet effective costuming (colors being black, white, beige or pastel shades, with a few exceptions), its surrealistic set design (a white raked platform with plastic set pieces, plastic tubing to represent the foliage in the forest of Arden, black and white lucite screens moving on an angled ramp to suggest shifting clouds overhead), a cacophonous rock score (sometimes jarring but always interesting), and last, but far from least, its all-male cast.

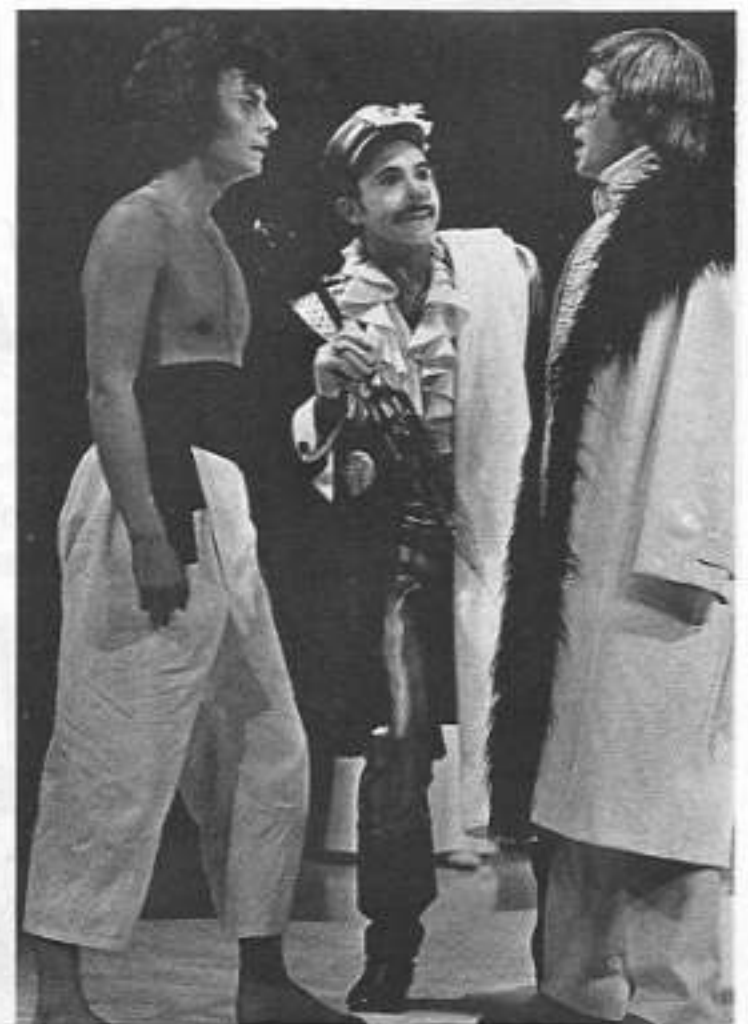
Clifford Williams, the director who originated the concept of this production, states in his program notes that it was not his intention to reintroduce the convention of boys acting women (as they did in Shakespeare's day when females were not permitted on the stage) simply for its own sake. He talks of "the mysteries of [the play's] disguises," how its action occurs in "an atmosphere of spiritual purity which transcends sensuality in the search for poetic sexuality," and explains that he has chosen to use an all-male cast "so that [the audience] shall not—entranced by the surface reality—miss the interior truth."

Nevertheless, it is this convention (which he has reintroduced, no matter what his reasons) which is making his version of the famous comedy talked about, and it is also this convention (used as he has chosen to use it) which robs the production of a certain sparkle and which may make it disappointing to some viewers.

For in striving to "transcend sensuality" and perhaps in horror at the thought of the production deteriorating into a camp drag show (which it never does, incidentally), Williams has infused his actors, particularly those playing the female roles, with a constraint that robs



rector has demanded of them, however, most of the actors perform well. Gregory Floy is somewhat monotonous as Rosalind, but has a few good moments here and there and is charming in the epilogue. As Orlando, a somewhat thankless role, Paul Hastings is attractive and gives the best performance I've ever seen of the part (and that includes Olivier in the 1935 film version with Elisabeth Bergner). John Nettleton gives a masterly reading of the "All the world's a stage" soliloquy, and Nigel Hawthorne and Gordon Kay as the clown Touchstone and his country girl-friend Audrey are very funny in their scenes together. Christopher Neame as the shepherdess Phebe is the most suc-



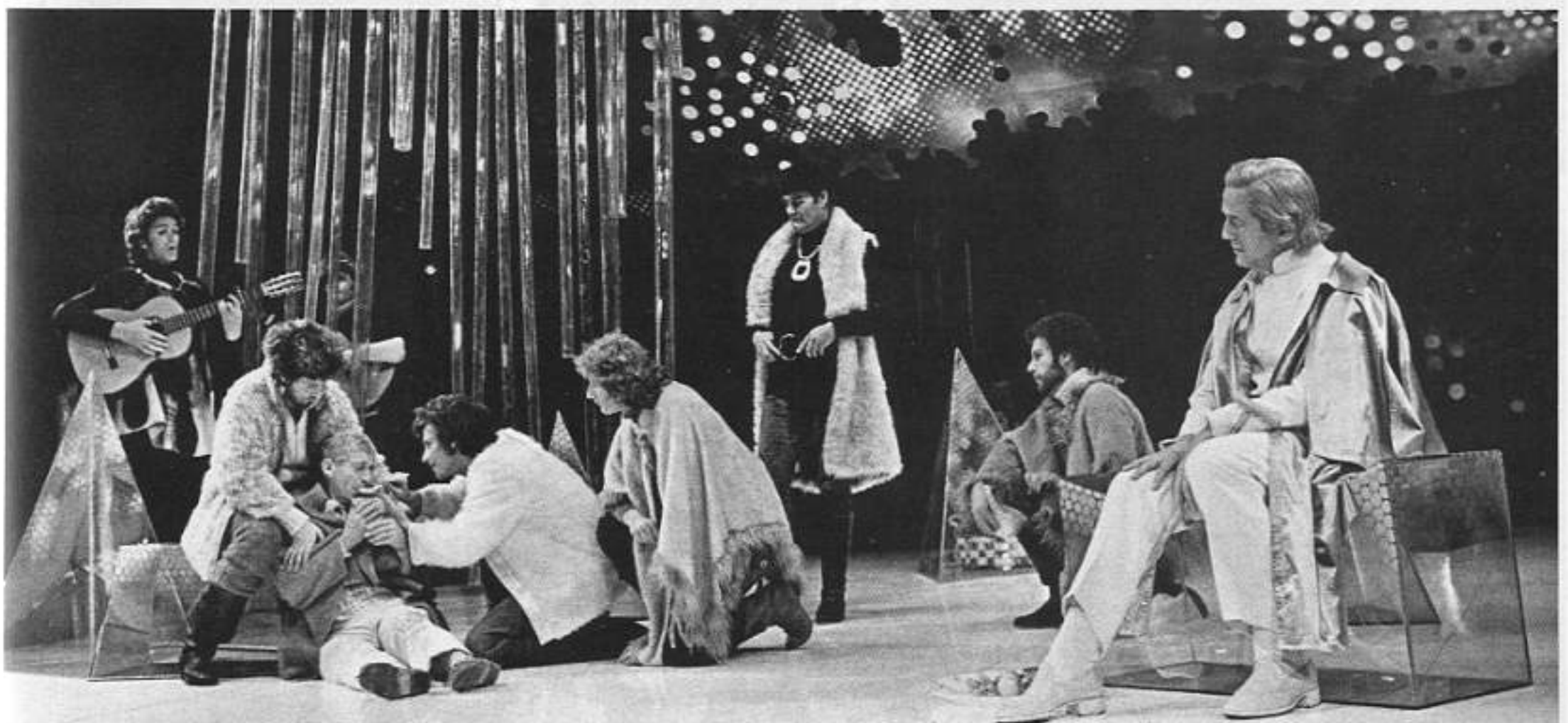
the play of a spirit, a mischievous quality which it naturally has. It can't be denied that the female roles are played subtly and in good taste, but we are reminded (by flat chests and awkward gaits) that the actors are normal boys, after all—and couldn't possibly be sexually attracted to the males they're playing opposite. There is no archness, no shivering sense of delight between the various pairs of lovers, and consequently the audience has less fun in listening to their banter than, I think, it should have.

Within the confines of what the di-



cessful of all the men playing female roles. His sturdy legs beneath ragged skirt indicate that he may actually be a rather butch type, but he manages to appear feminine and graceful without overdoing it. John Dallimore is a winning country boy, and David Schofield has some amusing moments as Rosalind's best friend, Celia.

This production may be *As You Like It* as you like it, and then again you may not like it at all. I liked it, with reservations. An educated guess is that it will create some controversy as it moves across the country.





special report - life styles

AWARD SHOWS

Los Angeles photos
by Bud McGinnis

San Francisco photos
by Eddie Van



MAGGIE

Among the more popular events in the Los Angeles Gay Community each year are the various award shows. The Maggie Awards are presented each year to outstanding contributions to the social scene in L.A. TOP OF PAGE: Producer Cal Colburn greets his audience and launches the 1974 Maggie Award show. ABOVE LEFT: Lisa Cardanale just after having been awarded a Maggie as Superstar of the Year. ABOVE CENTER: Bobby Gulbrandson and Bobby O'Dell (right) present Buddy of the River Club the Maggie for Best Function of the Year as Hostess Sophie Dawn looks on. ABOVE RIGHT: Accepting his award as Bartender of the Year is Miss Jaguar. LEFT: Anita Day and Kim Roberts have a go at "Hello, Dolly!", part of the evening's entertainment. RIGHT: Members of the Company presented a selection from *West Side Story* which highlighted the evening.



LULU

The Lulu Awards is among the longest established events in the L.A. community. Its awards go to businesses, social groups and individuals for community contribution. LEFT: Producer and Official Greeter for the Lulus, Lew Schirtzinger. RIGHT: The Lulu's Steward, Ken Holmes. 2nd row, LEFT: The entrances of the nominees is a tradition of the Lulu Award Show, Bob Covellero, Prince of Orange County, and Georgia Paine, Empress of Orange County, are announced. 2nd row, CENTER: Miss Hawaii (left) and her unidentified escort and presented by Hostess Julius. 2nd row, RIGHT: Tuck from the Oakwood Room and her escort arrive. 3rd row, LEFT: Anita Day presenting Bill "Puff" Walker with his Lulu Award. 3rd row, CENTER: Presenter Cal Colburn and winner Ken Kane. 3rd row, RIGHT: Emcee Michelle entertains the audience. BOTTOM LEFT: Eddie Storcz, LaRey, Ronnie Summers, Mickey Lee, Lynn, J.B., and an unidentified guest relax at the evening's end. BOTTOM RIGHT: The showgirls—Craig Bowman, Jack Gilbert, Ralph Hutchinson, John John, John Cecott, and Michelle Raye—entertain between awards.





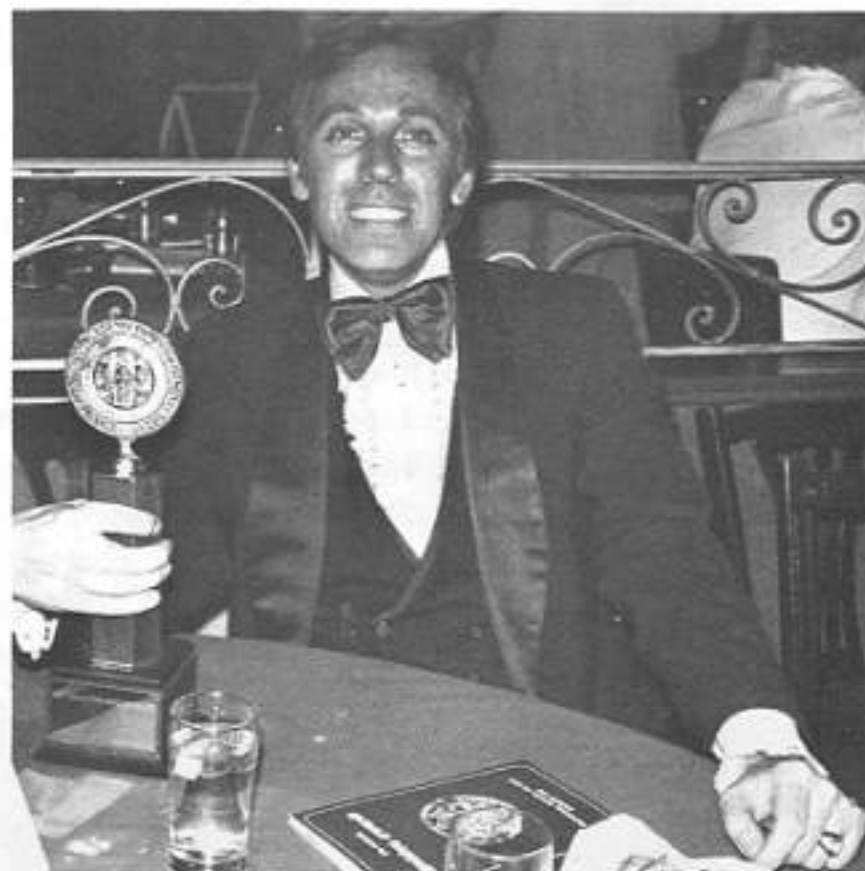
SPREE

SPREE is a Los Angeles social club that grew around Pat Rocco and his film work. The SPREE Awards reward accomplishment within SPREE itself and the film industry. LEFT: The 1974 winners (top row, left to right): Lou Claudio (Best Stage Setting), David Glascock (Judy Coleman Memorial Award), Lee Glaze (Emcee), John Langston (Best Show), Carmella (Best Actress). (Bottom row): Tiku (Best Actor), Dick Smith (Best Supporting Actor), Thelma Varga (Best Supporting Actress), Kelle (Best Show), Pat Rocco, Ron Erario (Best Actor), Bic Vance and Tom Rust (Best Writing). Second row, LEFT: Entering on a horse, Lee Glaze prepares to emcee the show. Second row, CENTER: Lee Glaze with political candidates Herb Selwyn and Tom Kranz present the trophy for MGM's *Ludwig* (Best Picture) to Earl Wingard. Second row, RIGHT: John Langston & Kelle tied for Best Show honors for *Sinderfella* and *The Boyfriends*. Third row, LEFT & RIGHT: A royal roasting crew: W. Dorr Legg (ONE, Inc.), Ray Harrison (GGRC), Jim Kepner (IN TOUCH), Jeanne Barney (Advocate), John Embry (HELP), Roastee Pat Rocco, Gerald Strickland, MCC's Rev. Lee Carlton, David Glascock, and Morris Kight. BOTTOM LEFT: Dale Phillips, a wild Peter Pan, with Liz Stella in the Over Commercialized sketch. BOTTOM CENTER: In the Sugar Daddy sketch, Dale Phillips makes a pointed phone call while Tom Rust and Sandy Clifton listen. BOTTOM RIGHT: Trophy Guardians Tony Del Grosso (right) and Erik Dahl quip with emcee Glaze.



GOLDEN

San Francisco is the home of the all-male theatre movement and the Golden Awards each year honor the outstanding achievement therein. RIGHT: This year's winner of the Best Revue Show award was *Feather and Leather Follies* from PRIDE which was accepted by Zane Thomas. BELOW LEFT: Luscious Lorelei was a two-award winner for the Bay Area Reporter (Best News and Information Media) and the Carol Channing Look-A-Like Contest (Best Event). BELOW CENTER: The big winner of Golden Awards this year was *The Boyfriend* which won the producers (John Kozak and Perry George), the set designers (Cliff Reynolds and Steven Sadler), the singers (Tony Michaels and Ricky Lester for "Won't You Charleston With Me?"), and the director (Chuck Zinn) coveted trophies. BELOW RIGHT: Chip Roberts (left) and Chuck Waltz (right), who tied for Best Actor for their performances in *Dames at Sea* and *Plaza Suite* respectively, flank Best Actress, Brandie (for *Plaza Suite* also). BOTTOM LEFT: Popular entertainment figure, Kimo, and Best Male Nightclub Performer, Michael Owen, celebrate his award. BOTTOM CENTER: George Mendenhall (right) receives the Humanitarian Award for the betterment of the Gay Community from last year's winner. BOTTOM RIGHT: Carlos Bosley holds his Golden Award trophy for Best Halloween Costume and shares the moment with Jose I, First Empress of San Francisco.



rising star



THE JOLT OF NOLTE

by Allan Leopold
photos by Rik Lawrence

In order to get the full electric current that fairly pulsates out of the veins of one of the hottest, blue-eyed, rising young blond male stars, Nick Nolte, you have to be part of an audience where he is "doing his thing." For acting is in Nick's blood. It's what he loves most and what he does best. I caught the essence of this shock when I saw his Jess in William Inge's farewell play, *The Last Pad*. And when he played Hal Carter in Inge's *Picnic* at the Met Theatre, I sensed another Brando had arrived. But Nick isn't another anything. He is very much a private person off-stage. He isn't what his public image would have you think he is nor what the critical evaluation would have you believe. Writing in the *Los Angeles Free Press* about *The Last Pad* theatre critic Lloyd Steele hypothesized:

"He could almost have saved the state some money by electrocuting himself with the voltage of his performance."

Rumors had arrived on my doorstep that Nick is currently such a hot property he is doing three television shows at once. Other reports pegged him a combination Robert Redford/George Peppard. Not a bad image. Certainly a prosperous one. So I was quite startled to see him drive up in an old beat-up Ford pickup truck with the side caved in and a piece of cotton sacking nailed on as a

roof. Nick sensed my reaction almost before I finished having it.

"The truck evolved this way."
I laughed.

"And all the body shops in town are booked solid?"

"I'm not into changing evolution."

I got in, the top swelled up like a pregnant woman as the wind caught it, and we were off on a great adventure. My getting to know a surprisingly non-nonsense person who happens to be a helluva performer.

"I was born in Omaha, Nebraska, February 8, 1946, the son of a Johnson irrigation pump salesman. Mom was a ladies' apparel buyer for the Brandeis department store chain. At Benson High I played football, basketball and baseball. I went out for track and wrestling. I was into *all* the sports. I always have been. But I hung around with the University of Nebraska and Purcell guys. When my coach found out about this, it hit the fan. He figured, since I fraternized with the older crowd, I would be a bad influence on the younger guys and he booted me out of school. I transferred to Westside High in Waterloo, Iowa, where they had a pretty heavy league. Guys like Gayle Sayers and Pat Fisher, who now plays for the Washington Redskins. I developed into a great football player and graduated with ten football scholarships. I was always a

lousy student, though. My grades looked like the playing field scoreboard. I decided to go to Arizona State in Phoenix. They got what they paid for but my grades continued to stay in the basement. So I was eventually shipped from there to Eastern Arizona Junior College. This time I majored in girls, pursuing all my studies at the girls' dorm. One 5:00 AM I looked over my shoulder in the middle of one of life's most strenuous efforts to renew itself and spotted the dean of men and the house mother. It was my role in *Picnic* years ahead of its time. I was run out of town on a rail. I went to the University of Omaha to play football and a tutor was assigned to me. He tried to jam historical dates and facts into my head but the only information I retained were instructions that came out of a huddle. To make money, I started selling draft cards. Most of the kids wanted to drink in bars; they were all under 21 and they needed ID.

"A small-town hood spotted me in the team lineup, gave me a call and made me an offer I couldn't refuse. He dangled packets of phony draft cards in front of my nose with a \$5 price tag. He said I could pass them to the frat houses for \$40. That represented a tidy profit as there were many fraternities in the market to buy and many universities that could serve as a nucleus for a chain

of operations. It looked too good to turn down so I decided to give it the old college try. I really succeeded in learning this course and I passed with high honors. I was making terrific progress and I figured it couldn't last. I was so right. A policeman friend contacted me in the locker room and let me know the heat was on. I showered, rubbed down, threw on my clothes, picked up my zipper bag and lit out for California.

"I picked up a football scholarship at Pasadena City College and started looking over my shoulder each time I walked down the street. Every time I ran out onto the playing field I felt a cold shiver down the small of my back. The thought persisted: somewhere up in the stands someone's waiting for me. It's only a matter of time. It was a chilling, eerie feeling. There was no way to play ball under a phony name and, one day, my worst fears were realized. Two FBI agents arrived on campus armed with my indictment and they flew me back to Omaha in handcuffs. For two days they grilled me and, when I went to court, I drew five years' probation. I was damn lucky to get off so lightly. I could have gone to the pen with hardened criminals but the judge took my record into consideration.

"My life was ripe for a change so I decided to get out of football and try something steady, like acting. I wanted a crack at all that film money. I bought a jar of pomade, slicked down my hair, bought a tie and a fancy jacket and walked into agent Meyer Mishkin's office in Hollywood. I showed him the glossy pictures I had of myself leaping high in the air to recover a forward pass. I showed him news clippings of great end-runs and all my fabulous touchdowns. I smiled and showed my dimples. I ran my fingers through my blond hair and Mr. Mishkin's secretary took notice. Meyer watched her reaction and perhaps he was thinking about how other secretaries might react to me on television. Anyway, he signed me to a contract. I did 'My Three Sons' with Fred MacMurray, 'Mr. Novak' with James Franciscus, and a 'Day in Court'. I decided these were small-time parts. I wanted to get big roles just like I got big football attention. I figured it was time to learn this acting craft from center stage in front of a live audience.

"I took off for Phoenix and began

work with the Arizona Repertory Theatre. I started with a classic and cut my eyeteeth on Ben Jonson's *Volpone*. I joined the Actors Inner Circle and played in Biedermann's *The Firebugs*. I did Friar Danitza in *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*, Val in Tennessee Williams' *Orpheus Descending*, Starbuck in *The Rainmaker*, the lawyer in Arthur Miller's *After the Fall* and *Requiem for a Nun*. All told, I spent three years at the Actors Inner Circle learning what acting was all about. I caught on to the fact that the greatest results come from the greatest hard work. I spent my summers in stock at the Theatre of the Rockies, earning my Equity card and playing *Thieves Carnival*, the title role in John Osborne's *Luther*, Biff in Arthur Miller's *The Death of a Salesman*, and Robin Starveling in Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

"I planned to return to the Inner Circle but the company suddenly folded when Mel Weiser and Mike Byron got hold of Dore Schary's play, *Brightower*. It was a lousy script but they saw themselves as great New York producers. As is so often the case, Broadway didn't

like *Brightower* and I believe it flickered out after one performance. In the meantime, I thought: Why shouldn't I try New York? After all, it's the mecca of the entertainment world. Maybe I could fit in somewhere. That somewhere turned out to be an avante garde workshop that accepted all comers at that time, the La Mama Group. I was entrusted with a small part in Joel Perry's *Spoken Words*. Let's just skip over that."

"Why?"

"It was awful. It was a fast fold anyway."

"Tell me about it."

"Aw, come on. . . ."

Nick smiled. His blue eyes crinkled. He ran his fingers through his blond hair.

"You really don't want to hear about it, do you? We all do stinkers now and then."

"Okay. If it's *that* painful for you. . . ."

"Oh, what the hell! My mother was a big black man with an innertube, a diaper and Venetian blinds hanging down. He wore a birdcage on his head with





ping-pong balls suspended from it. It was *that* kind of play. Very forgettable."

"I understand a lot of the La Mama stuff was far out."

"Yeah. It wasn't for Mrs. Nolte's boy. After that, I went to Minnesota and worked for the Old Log Theatre. Bob Aden, an Inner Circle actor, was in the Old Log Company. He suggested me. I was very grateful to him because I loved that outfit and I worked for it three years. I did a bunch of comedies like Woody Allen's *Don't Drink the Water* and *Catch Me If You Can*. I followed this up with a stretch in San Francisco as a member of the Inner Players. I tested out my pipes in *The Threepenny Opera*.

"Then I got wind of a project Keith Anderson was working on. I knew him before he freaked out one day and stabbed his mother-in-law forty-seven times. This earned him two years in prison at the Illinois State Penitentiary. But Keith was a brilliant guy. That stabbing—the woman lived but she doesn't like him much anymore—was temporary insanity. Anyway, Keith had heard about William Inge's new play, *The Last Pad*, and he had somehow secured Mr. Inge's permission to work on the script behind bars from an inmate's point of view. It dealt with prison life and Keith was coming out, having served his time. I contacted him about putting together a Phoenix production. We worked on a final version and cast it there. Bill Inge came down for the dress rehearsal and said he was very pleased. Nobody thought he was soon to drop the final curtain on himself. I played Jess and we opened to a wonderful press and ran a month. After we closed, I decided to return to Minnesota. I liked the Old Log. It was a family operation and everybody respected each other. Don Stolz was the director, all of his sons worked harmoniously under him, and for the past forty years it has been one of the oldest and most successful Equity stock companies in the country.

"A flurry of excitement reached me from Phoenix. Sally Goldwater liked the play enough to take it to California. I was to return and brush Jeff back into shape. Before that could happen, poor Sally died from a brain clot. Tom Quillen took over and raised \$12,000 to put it on. We did it at a furniture warehouse

in Westwood and the critical reaction was good. Best of all I was nominated by the Los Angeles drama critics for my performance in it. This opened a lot of doors for me and my career moved into high.

"I signed with Mimi Weber, an ex-MCA executive, who was now managing important talent. She agreed to take me on and personally manage my career. At this point, I went into deep training as an actor with a brilliant teacher, Bryan O'Byrne, who started to iron out the kinks in my techniques so that I could give smooth and believable performances as an actor. With the help and faith of these two dynamic people, I



began to really be noticed in Hollywood. Mimi put me into a 'Medical Center' at MGM in the role of a young rapist. It was only a day's work but it brought me a 'Griff' with Lorne Greene and Lou Antonio directed me in 'The Framing of Billy the Kid'. I played Billy. This was followed by a 'Rookies' with Strother Martin and Don Johnson, a 'Cannon' segment called 'Come Out Fighting' in which I was a drunken heavyweight fighter and a 'Streets of San Francisco' with Karl Malden and Michael Douglas. In this, I received my most flattering praise to date. I played a young lieutenant just back from Vietnam and an actual POW saw my per-

formance and commented on it on TV. I was surprised and really felt my work was achieving some status. Next came a young heart-surgeon in an 'Emergency' at Universal.

"Suddenly I couldn't accept all the offers that were pouring in. I guess this is why they call you a *hot* actor. But how long does this heat last before you start to cool off?

"In rapid succession I did a 'Barnaby Jones', a 'Chopper One', back to MGM for another 'Medical Center' and, while I was on the lot, I made a pilot called 'Winter Kill' with Andy Griffith. Before I could catch my breath, I was doing a 'Toma' and, with 'Gunsmoke', I finally achieved guest star billing. I played Victor French's young deputy and it was a good feeling to know that I was finally making it.

"Sam Greene, one of the financial backers of *The Last Pad*, asked me to read for the Met production of *Picnic*. I went down and landed the part of Hal Carter opposite a great little actress, a real beauty named C.J. Hincks. We opened to absolute raves.

"One day I received the *strangest* phone call from a wardrobe man on a Movie of the Week. It was for Aaron Spelling's production of *After the Trial* and he wanted me to come in for a fitting. I didn't even know I had the part. Bert Remsen, the casting director, told me they were having a hard time finding a sexy girl for the movie. Did I know someone? *Did I?* I suggested C.J. but the network brass and Spelling didn't want her. Swackheimer, the director, bet Spelling she would be great in the part and she was and he won a case of booze over it."

"The word is out you're coming on like another Brando."

"Really? That's nice to hear. Like him, I'm interested in the problems of the Indians."

"I don't see any turquoise rings on your fingers. In fact, I don't see any jewelry at all. Not even a watch."

"I'm not into jewelry. It's extraneous."

"What kind of a person *are* you?"

Nick applied the brakes as a car darted in front of us. We pulled up to the curb, he switched off the ignition and grew pensive. The silence was fraught with my anticipation of his response

Continued on Page 83



leisure

by Hugh Harrison
with photos by the author

SHADES OF TOM SAWYER

If you had to pick just one sport in the whole world in which practically everyone participates, no matter where they live—North, East, South or West—it would have to be swimming. It's the universal sports qualifier. Ask anyone at all. In a happier and simpler time, not too many pollution-free years ago, one of the joys of that first contact with water was where you took those first, chilly steps on your way to that world inhabited by Esther Williams.

All these things we taught ourselves or each other out there in all the glory of nature at the ol' swimmin' hole. Later on, naturally, when we got older . . . say twelve or fifteen . . . and became terribly sophisticated, we would only swim in fancy man-made pools complete with instructors, lifeguards and people like that to tell us what to do, what we'd been doing wrong and give any number of ribbons, badges, medals and the inevita-

ble gold stars pasted on a chart. Somehow it never could quite equal . . . no, it could never even come close to all those first tentative semi-strokes of learning in a river or nature-made pond.

Fortunately some of those natural water wonders are still with us. They can be yours for the enjoyment with just a little searching. There's always the ocean, of course, for those of us lucky enough to live close enough to take advantage of it. Great stretches of beach are still for the most part fairly uncomplicated by parking lots and hot-dog stands. Ocean swimming does seem to be an art unto itself, though. Only the Australians seem to have really mastered it. Granted, in a few lagoons and protected bays that are a part of the greater oceans and seas, it's quite another story. In all these protected sea water inlets all types of swimming are easily possible. All the tides and huge

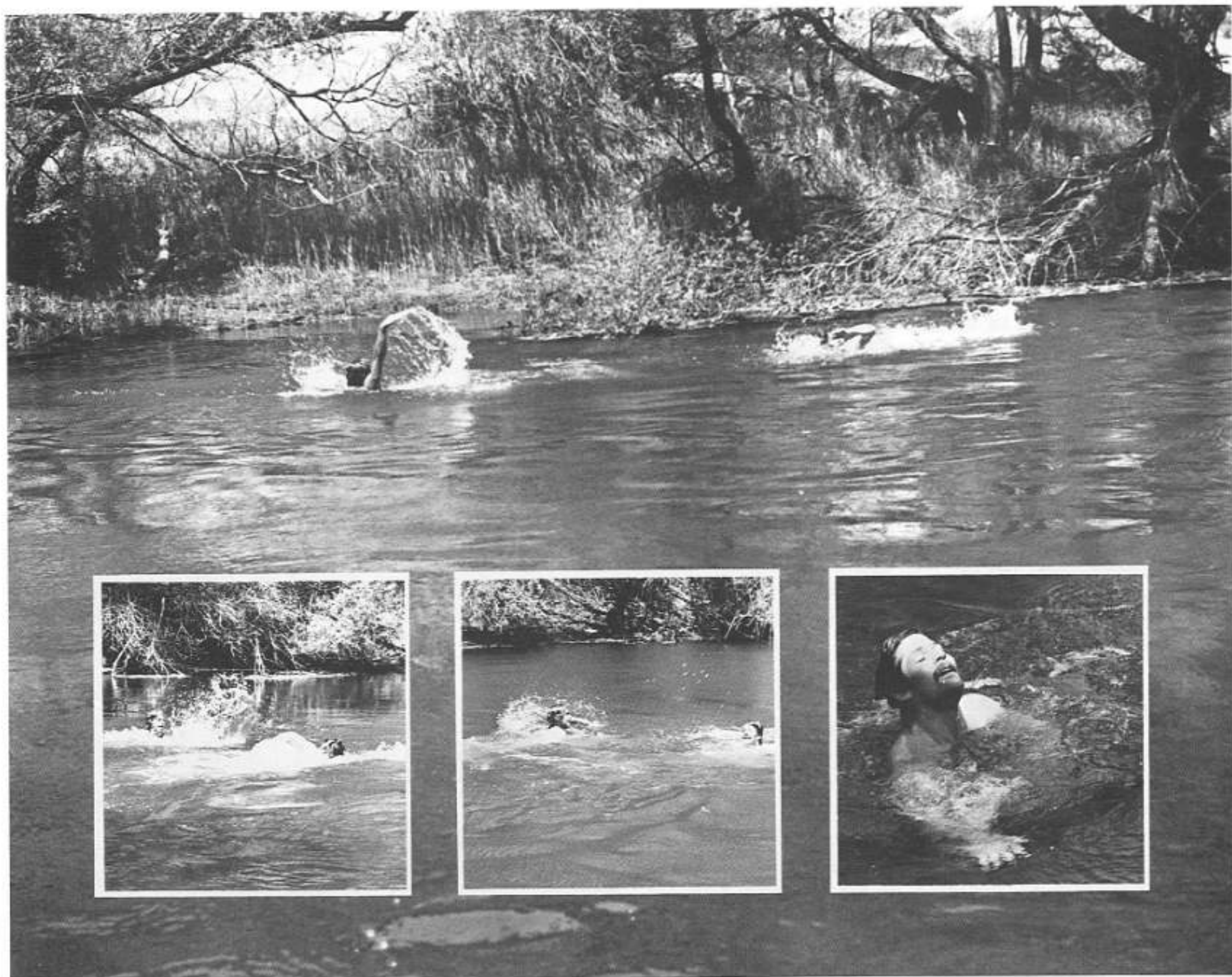
crashing waves that render most open ocean water play to dashing in and splashing about, don't have to be contended with in these instances. Going in the regular ocean to just swim is a bit futile, unless you're keen on body surfing. Still, splashing and dashing are all part of a fun, watery natural trip while swimming, too.

More practically and far more accessible to most of the country are the calm, lovely lakes that dot every state in the union, from the tiny pinheads on the map in the Southwest, to the suddenly come-up-on vast silvery sheets in the swamps and bayous in the South or East, all the way up to the five beauties on the northern border of this country, the Great Lakes. Here all water sports are possible in abundance and lake swimming is at its very best. Sadly, vicious, unchecked, uncalled-for pollution has rendered one of the big five, Lake Erie, virtually useless. A few brave souls still do venture into that dank, smelly water . . . not I. Swimming through soggy trash and tin cans isn't exactly my idea of communing with the big mother. The shores of Lake Michigan, foam edging Chicago, are rapidly becoming the same way, succumbing to the same kind of senseless pollution. Let's hope that can soon be checked and this really lovely lake area re-rendered a water person's delight. The others are very fine with Lake Superior remaining about the best. Being the biggest, it has lots of only semi-accessible areas that are nearly as fresh, wild and unspoiled as can be expected these days. It often requires a lot of hiking to get to most of the lovely isolations, but it's worth it. If it's lakes you fancy either give one of them a try or dig out a map of your area and do a little checking. You'll probably find far more near to you than you'd expect.

For my money, it's still rivers and streams that really get it done. I just couldn't rest, after my first memorable encounter with Mark Twain, until I'd sat bod into the Mississippi. So . . . it wasn't what I'd expected. So what. It was the Mississippi . . . shades of Tom Sawyer, Huck Finn and Indian Joe. It was muddy and it was cold and it was wonderful. To this day I truly love swimming in streams and rivers. It's all so easy. The only equipment you need is yourself, the river and a bathing suit (of course, the joy of skinny-dipping is indeed its own reward). Fortunately for us, streams still seem to be in good supply. The constantly moving water tends to drive out much of the pollution. There are thousands snaking their way across the country waiting only for you to come, find, and enjoy. It's all up to you to locate one that's nearby. There are so many that rush their way down both sides of the Rockies and the Appalachians and across the plains. A quick chilling dip on a spring day or on a sunny afternoon, a slow lazy stroke across sun-warmed sparkles of water, either way, the only way to recapture the fun of long ago is to relive it.

Here in Los Angeles we do have to travel a bit to get to a swimmable river. That famous body of water, the Los Angeles River, is usually only fit for toe dipping . . . that's when it's really running high, provided you have very small toes. In the surrounding areas to the north and east of us, it's a different story. We have quite a number of choices. Some tumble down from the hills in torrential white water rushes and others flow seaward in a gentle, easy twist. All you could ask. One of the easy ones, easy to find and easy to use, is the San Gabriel River. It works a wide path along the east side of California Highway 39, more commonly known as San Gabriel Canyon Road, where





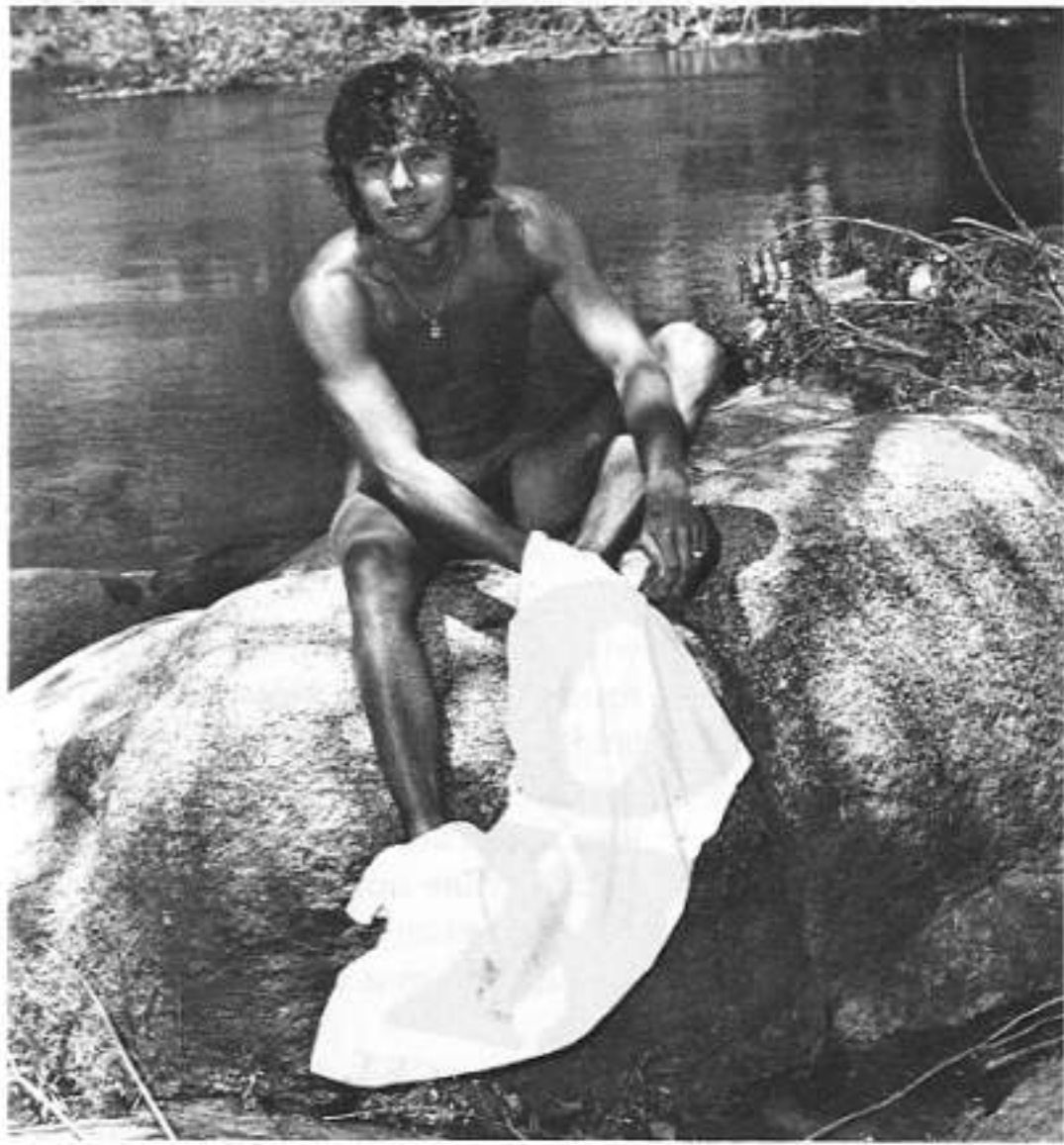
it intersects U.S. 210, the Foothill Freeway, putting it a scant twenty minutes from Los Angeles. It provides all kinds of water sports and some of the best outdoor swimming for miles. It's become a big family-type draw with the water seekers. Lately it's been overcrowded with the scourge of suburbia, the camper. Still, it can provide some lovely isolated spots if the time and temperature are right and you're willing to look hard enough. A bit to the east and south is a river that might do in a pinch. The Santa Ana River has a few water recreation areas but you have to search these out. A really dry season in Southern California can reduce its rush to a slow, shallow flow. This checking isn't too hard, though, since it flows in almost full view of the Riverside Freeway, California 91. It's only a quick east turn off U.S. 5, the familiar Santa Ana Freeway. Follow the Riverside Freeway along until you come almost to San Bernardino County. It flows right along beside you, on your left. Check frequently to see if there's anything that grabs you. If so, have at it. Do keep the skinny-dipping to a minimum. This is Orange County, folks, and a well-populated area.

Chris and Dan had carefully contemplated all these nice, safe possibilities and dutifully rejected them. Chris is a true outdoorsman. Suddenly his eyes snapped with a mischievous sparkle. Then, having been assured that Dan was a true expert

swimmer, his face lit up with a wide, knowing smile. Chris made an absolutely incredible suggestion and Dan quickly agreed. It was ridiculous but that evening we were off.

One of the very last places I'd ever expect to swim is in the Kern River. It comes tumble-barreling, snow-fed, out of the high mountain ranges in Sequoia National Forest in Kern County. Its temperatures range from merely very cold to freezing. It is a chilling, thrilling, down-tumbling of crashing, crushing, mountain white-water just above the small town of Kernville. South of there it enters the fairly sizable man-made lake, Isabella. There's just one very deep area in the lake that's suitable for water-skiing, other than that it's used for only fishing and boating. There's next to no personal contact with the water unless it's by an accidental tumble while skiing. In that fiercesome white-water above the lake, it's fishing, that's all. That upper part of the river was used for some back-up work for the film *Deliverance*, so you do get some idea of what it's like. In a word, not really conducive to swimming, no matter how much you like swimming in open nature.

Below Lake Isabella, at least things do slow down just a bit. Just past the dam, the river winds itself through some truly breathtaking, spectacular, huge, high rock formations. I still wasn't quite convinced that it would ever be suitable for swim-



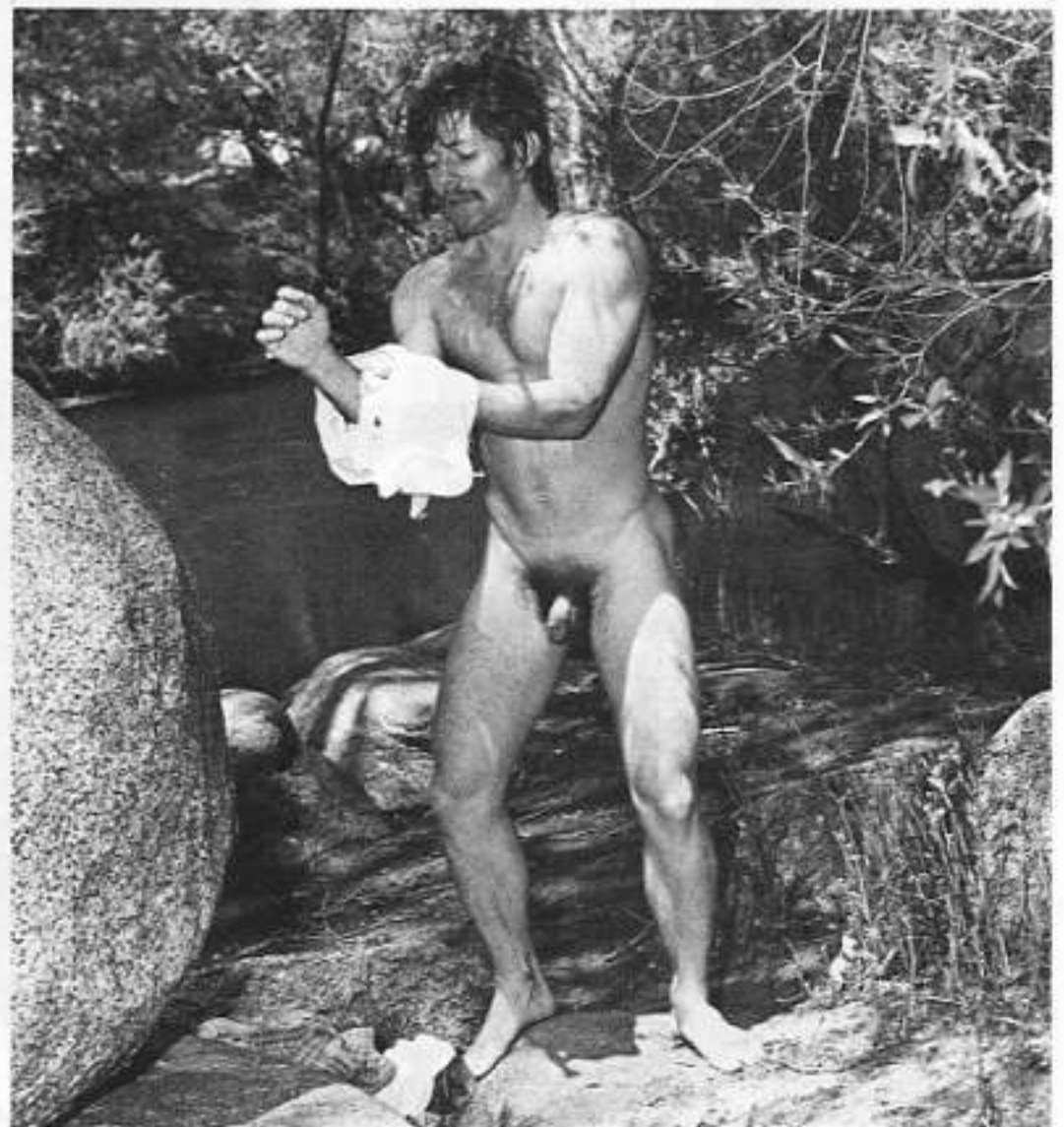
ming, but Chris kept assuring me that he knew a place. We followed the river's spectacular turns along California 178, and then, after a quick turn-off at Miracle Hot Springs, we pulled into a well-populated parking lot. The river was a bit narrow here but had at least calmed down into something thinkable for swimming. Dan and I scrambled out of the car. Chris was urging us on, faster and faster. I guess we finally hiked about a mile back up the river before we came on the spot that Chris had insisted on all along. He was absolutely right. It was an area of river that would have even turned Mark Twain's head. Those two, yelping like frisky puppies, dashed to the water to check out the temperature. Very chilly. It didn't seem to have the slightest effect on the foot-to-foot hopping joy of those freaked-out Huck Finns. They did make another, more important discovery. That rapidly propelled downrush had created a fast, treacherous undercurrent that should be attempted by the only most expert swimmers. Chris, always ready for a bit of adventure but practical as well, leveled a hard gaze at Dan, asking again about his swimming prowess. Dan reassured him that he could handle the undercurrent. There was a silent, smiled understanding. Since they were both expert swimmers, the guys quickly accepted this added touch of danger as still another part of the fun of adventure and even as an intrinsic part of nature itself.

It was a lovely, calm area Chris had chosen for us, a lush pool of deep, dark green water edged with cottonwood and water-tipping weeping willow. At the far end, high rocks, perfect for platform type diving, rose up over the liquid jade. That quick temperature check had confirmed that the snow-fed river was not going to warm very much. This was the way it was to be most probably all year long since the snows are atop the mountains all year. One blessing, we had the entire area pretty much to ourselves with only an occasional disinterested fly-fisherman passing us by, shaking his head in wonder that anyone would be swimming in the Kern.

The guys had brought along the few necessary requirements: themselves, bathing suits (just in case . . . but at least they were those new white thin-fabricked ones from Ah Men that go absolutely transparent when they come into contact with water). They'd brought along huge white beach towels, too. I still remember with a great degree of fondness the old-fashioned, sun-drying warmup. It's like being inside a huge natural dryer and far better than any towel. As it turned out, the towels were very handy, not so much for drying but for wrapping up in to hold in as much body warmth as possible, trying to cut the chill of the river. The river, finally, provided its own very necessary self . . . in abundance.

Look, the only way to enter a clear, cold stream of water is to just do it . . . immediately! To hesitate is to freeze and to try to inch it in, chilly step by chilly step, is to chicken out. So, another loud yelp and both guys were right in and soon happily splashing their way through the cold, green water. I guess since man first discovered all the joys of water-dipping those patterns Dan and Chris fell into so easily and so naturally have been with us—racing; dunking both yourself and each other; diving off anything available; the skin-prickling sensation of being splashed just when you've gotten warm and dry and on and on—it's just all a part of a relived, rediscovered joy. Then, too, there's the skinny-dipping . . . don't forget that. The guys sure didn't! In a flash the suits were stripped off and two of nature's children romped rampant right back to rediscover, in the very best way possible, natural swimming in a natural stream.

With all these perfect surroundings, you'd have thought it could only be dreamed. It wasn't. It was all very real. It recalled to me nothing so much as that very first time, fresh from my Twain dipping, when I'd dipped myself into the old Mississippi. The Kern isn't muddy like the Mississippi had been in that not so long ago time when I'd first Tom Sawyered it. . . . Still, like the Mississippi, it was cold and it was dangerous and it was wonderful.



Fabled Fire Island is the setting for this epic film teaming up BRUNO, the irresistible force, with ZACK, a very movable object! A cooling dip in the bay on a hot summer afternoon results in a chance meeting between our lusty heroes, setting off a series of dazzling fireworks--and we don't mean roman candles! Don't blame us if this steamy little film fogs up your screen...!

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In Touch at home

Now that you're out of *your* closet and have taken stock of the surrounding territory, one thing you've doubtless realized is the world need for more closet space (or to be more accurate: storage, of any kind).

If you're an honest to God non-materialist, you probably don't have enough space to store that little bit of nothing that you do own, and if you're a genuine packrat, look out! You've got real problems. Where do you stuff all that stuff-and-nonsense that make up your little world? Here are some suggestions that may help.

Let us begin with the bathroom. If you're not blessed with under-the-sink storage, why not give some thought to an over-the-throne shelf unit? There is little use you can get from that portion of the bathroom, but some nice shelves would make it functional and invaluable.

Make the unit as wide as the back of the tank and all the way to the ceiling, if you like—1"x6" lumber would make the shelves just about the right depth.

The style you need is your decision, but the possibilities are endless. Regular shelves are fine, or a combination of shelves and pigeon holes is equally nice. A dropleaf door or a lift door on hinges is an attractive feature also. Of course, a pair of small shutters opening from the center is a good way to conceal your more personal articles.

Over-the-door shelves are another means to the end of more storage. A friend of mine started me on this practice several years ago, and I'm hooked. How often are you able to utilize the space above a doorway? Seldom, if ever. Yet the simplest shelf can turn that space into a valuable storage area as well as a display for prize knick-knacks and decorative pieces. And it's easy to do.

I've found that in the bathroom a shelf (again using the six-inch depth) above the door and wall to wall not only looks great but gives enough space to make the effort really worthwhile.

This type of shelf can be a winner anywhere in your home. Look around.

You may be surprised at the possibilities.

The kitchen is another place where I find most people need more room, especially in the older homes where it just wasn't fashionable to have as many built-ins as we're accustomed to having today.

One of my favorite ways to get the most out of the kitchen from the least effort is nails. Just simple large box nails—particularly if the area around the stove is bare. Pound the nails in the wall and hang pots and pans and other miscellaneous gadgets in a pleasing and convenient pattern. This method does double duty by freeing cupboards for storage of other things and by giving you an interesting and handy decor.

Spice racks—the bigger, the better—are great for so many things. A 3'x3' unit is not too large, and I prefer 5'x5' if there's room on the wall. You can buy them readymade or build your own using 1"x4" wood with 1/4-inch plywood as a backing. I've found 5"x5" pigeon-holes to be a good basic size. It may be wise to consider a shelf or two at the bottom (or some extra large holes) for those oversized bottles and cans that won't fit in anywhere else.

Filled with all your spices, jellies, jams and a few colorful cups or accent pieces it is a striking and functional display.

Inside your existing cabinets may be an untapped gold mine of storage space.

Often there is room to add more shelves, racks and hooks so that every inch of space is really usable. Extra shelves inside cabinets—perhaps only half the depth of the existing shelves—will almost double your glassware and cup storage space. Not only will you be able to get more in there, but you'll also be able to see what's there and get to it easily.

Frequently old windowsills provide a great storage gimmick. If the window is deep enough, a board or two nailed inside offers a great home for plants, books, rock and shell collections. If the window happens to be one you really don't want or need, perhaps an entire shelf unit could be built to fit inside it. With just a few nails, it could be easily secured within the window frame.

If you're concerned about the appearance from the outside, pick up a can of spray frosting from the hardware store and spray the window from the inside or paint a stained-glass effect. Of course, a colorful fabric shade will also suffice.

The same is true if you have an unwanted doorway. Take the door off and throw it away, and look at all that new shelf space. Plenty of room for narrow shelves from both sides of the door opening or nice deep ones from one side. Back the shelves with plywood or simply leave them open so that your accents can be enjoyed from either room.

All of these ideas can be achieved easily and economically to make life much more clutter-free. You can doubtlessly initiate methods and ideas of your own. If so, send them to me. I could use them. I don't have enough storage.

—FRED JEROLE



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The popular night spots in Los Angeles wax and wane, and it is hard to figure out how or why; but for whatever reason, the Studio One, after only six weeks in operation, is off and running—and its restaurant, **The Back Lot**, will have to do some fast footwork to keep pace. With decor and concept in the “Hollywood” motif (face it, nostalgia is IN), the Studio One has everything but a sauna, and the complex includes (in order of appearance) a sparkly-lit entranceway, a freight elevator rather like a moving football field, a parquet and polished-wood bar (the only fixture to survive the renovation of the former “Factory” nightclub), a dance floor with a fantastic, faceted Roaring ’20s, mirror-ball glittering at each end (probably the only two-balled dance floor in Hollywood), another bar to serve the dancers, a game room, an intimate TV lounge, and the dining room—with still a third bar for cocktails and socializing.

Christopher Riordan, an actor and veteran of screen and nightclubs, is the manager of **The Back Lot**’s operations. As Chris told us, their menu is still in the formative stages, and the difference between the formed and unformed parts was quite apparent: everything that had Chef Mabel’s personal attention was very interesting and palatable; the rest of the meal was bland by comparison.

The special for our evening was Pork-a-bob (\$3.00)—tasty but somewhat dry cubes of pork alternated on a skewer with bell pepper and onion, served over rice with a light brown gravy. Most entrees are priced between \$3.25 and \$4.50.

The hanging macramé and plastic plants are dimly lighted, but at the center of each table is a bright amber candle, giving each party an intimacy and warmth which gently offsets the excitement and loud music filtering in from the dance floor—a relaxing and enjoyable informal atmosphere. And you absolutely cannot leave without a taste of the carrot cake; have a little of their special coffee, served in a glass mug, and enjoy yourself. As a restaurant, it’s a great nightclub.

The Back Lot of the Studio One
(213) 659-0471
652 N. La Peer
Beverly Hills
Open every day
Dinner served 7 pm to 10:30 pm

IN TOUCH

If you didn’t know better from reading this column, you might be deceived into thinking **The Garden District** is just another resident of “Restaurant Row,” with no distinguishing qualities beyond that—and boy, would you be wrong. It is an unobtrusive, “nook-and-cranny” sort of place with the sidewalk patio which by now has become familiar along upper La Cienega and the Strip. But this was the first restaurant in Los Angeles to offer sidewalk dining, and since it became **The Garden District** over five years ago, it has offered much, much more.

The cafe’s name comes from a Tennessee Williams play, and Mr. Williams himself regularly lunches there when in town. Many celebrities, including Truman Capote, are familiar with **The Garden District**’s menu, and it is said that Tennessee and Truman once lunched there at the same time (albeit not together!), no doubt spicing the postbellum-greenhouse atmosphere with more

dines out

than mere chitchat! Speaking of the atmosphere, the feeling is at once crowded and relaxed, intimate and spacious—in a word, comfortable. The music is provided by a jukebox which must have been programmed with the clientele in mind: Streisand, Garland, Midler and every sound track Angela Lansbury ever made. And *that* ought to give you an idea of the customers which crowd the bar every night of the week.

My evening at **The Garden District** was perfectly programmed by Michael, one of two waiters serving in the evening, and his cast of supporting players was headed by Leroy, the chef whose magic almost makes doggie bags unnecessary (you’ll want to eat every single bite!). The helpings are ample, and fresh spring water is served with the meals.

For my repast I chose the Bourbon Steak, preceded by the Artichoke. This appetizer started out more or less average, but as I leafed my way toward the more marinated center, the interplay between the delicate marinade and the mayonnaise dip became downright exciting. Tomato rice soup was next, served with a mini-loaf of hot bread, loaded with that sweet-yeasty flavor that can only come from fresh-baked. The salad was crisp and multicolored, and the dressing was tangy bleu cheese with crispy croutons. The “Nicky’s” was a succulent, tender filet topped with a most unbelievable mixture of green chili pepper, bourbon gravy and a slice of jack cheese. The rice pilaf is a “rice-a-roni” like you’ll never get from a box—light, tender, with a rich, beefy color and flavor—and the steamed zucchini tasted like zucchini! Everything was so perfectly seasoned for me, I never once touched the salt shaker, and my enjoyment of all this was heightened by the softly animated conversation from the adjoining bar as well as the gently swaying ferns, brick walls, lattice arches and mock gaslights. This is not a fancy restaurant—this is a classy restaurant.

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—GERALD JONES

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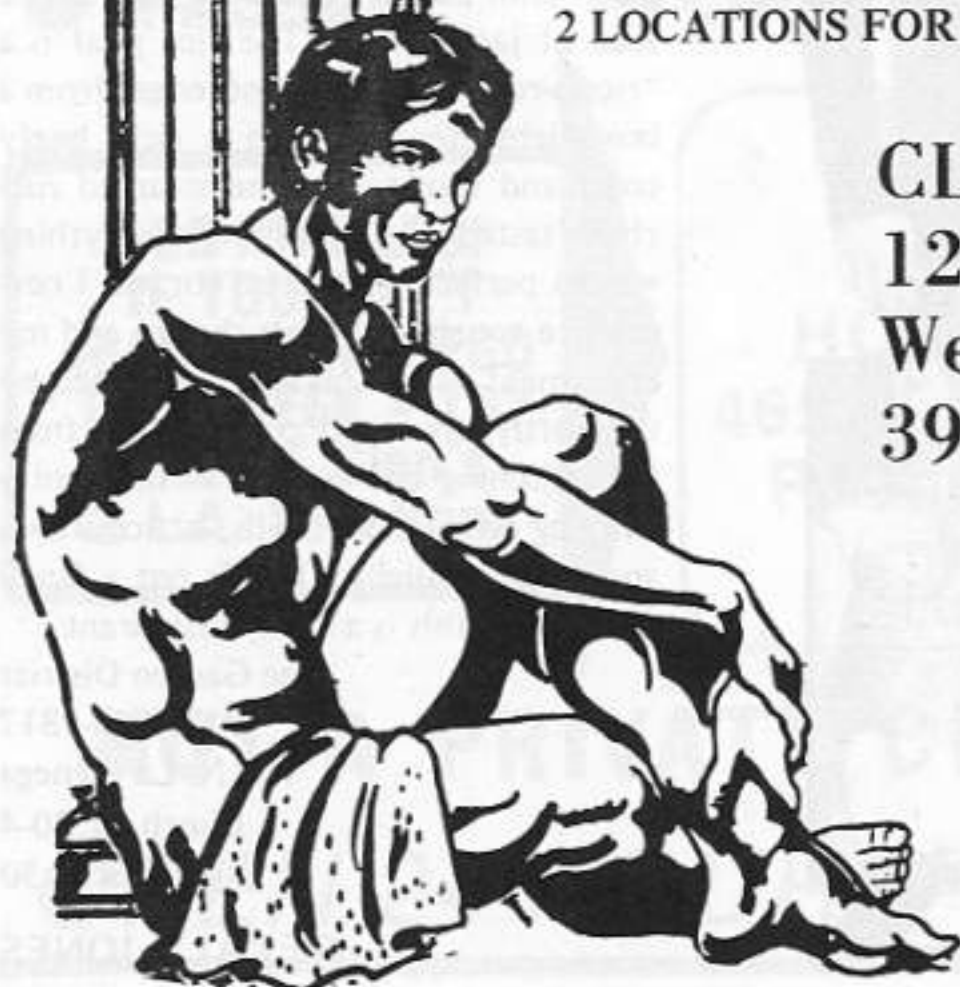
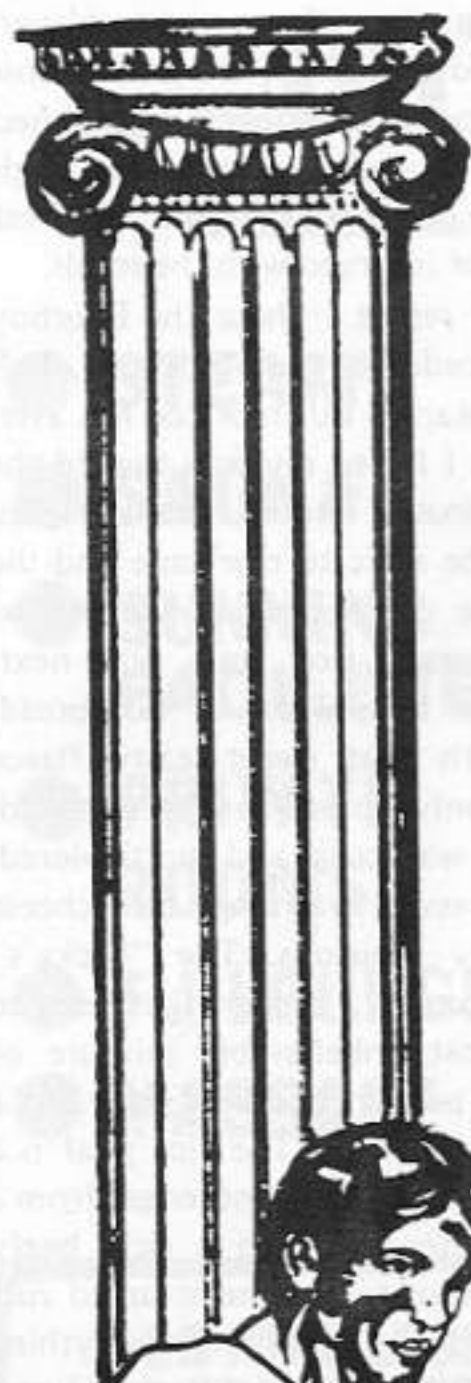
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the **InTouch** host

ICE CREAM. . .

While, allegedly, the American Dream is of "Home and Mom and Apple Pie," we certainly cannot overlook that close contender: ICE CREAM.

It is a delightful dessert or sweet, and can be easily made at home. And, perhaps, the home product, without chemical substitutes and commercial short-cuts, is surely the best.

A principal ingredient is cream; most simply enhanced by sugar, flavoring, and a little salt. From this modest recipe, many varied additions will make many and varied types and flavors of ice cream. Even in this simplest recipe, there may be considerable variance; there are many grades of cream, and/or substitutes, and differing ones are used. Fine ice creams have been made with skim milk; with reconstructed milk (1 part dry milk with 3 parts water); with homogenized whole milk; pasteurized milk; with so-called half-and-half. Then, in advancing quality and price are coffee cream, table cream, whipping cream, and extra heavy cream. The richer the cream used, the richer the ice cream.

Not to be overlooked, at this point, are some mandatory rules concerned with making ice cream at home:

— Be very sure that can and dasher are very clean and dry.

— Prepare initial mixture, according to recipe; then chill it in your fridge for at least an hour. This will reduce cranking time.

— Fill cans no more than 2/3 full, for obvious reason.

— Fine granulated or bar sugar is best for making ice cream, as it dissolves much quicker.

— For most recipes, use 4 parts coarsely chopped ice with 1 part ice cream salt. More salt will make a coarser-grained cream.

— After preparation seems hard enough, remove dasher; then replace can cover, with a cork in the hole. Pack over well with more of the ice-salt mix; lay several thicknesses of newspaper, or a small rug, over the whole freezer, and let it stand for a minimum of 30 minutes, to as long as 3 hours, before serving.

There are several basic types and

preparations of ice cream, and almost all recipes derive from these.

BASIC VANILLA ICE CREAM:

1 qt. half & half (thin cream)

1½ Tbs. Vanilla

¾ c. sugar

few grains salt

Scald cream (this means bring it JUST to a boil; when skin begins to form, take quickly from fire). Add sugar; cool the mixture. Add flavoring. Then freeze. This means to put in the freezer can, add dasher and top. Surround with ice and salt (in proportions suggested) and crank till firm. Let stand 30 minutes, covered. Makes 1½ quarts.

BASIC CUSTARD ICE CREAM:

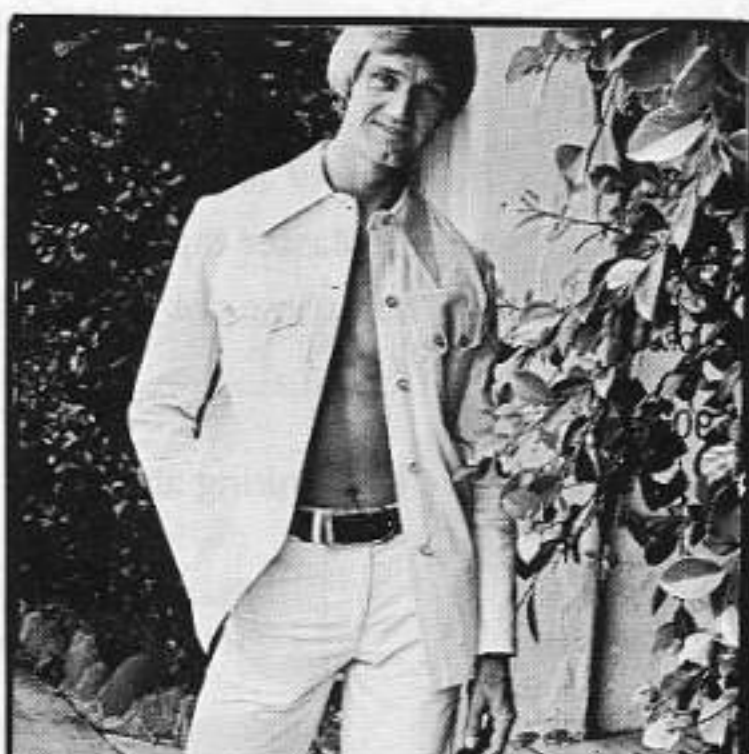
2 c. milk (suggest whole, pasteurized, NOT homogenized)

1 Tbs. flour or cornstarch

¾ c. sugar

2 c. heavy whipping cream

¼ tsp. salt



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1 large egg, lightly beaten

1 Tbs. Vanilla

Scald 1½ c. milk. Add other ½ c. to mixed flour and sugar. Mix to no lumps. Add scalded milk slowly. Cook and stir over hot water (this indicates use of a double boiler) for 8 minutes. Stir in egg; cook 2-3 minutes longer, stirring steadily. Set aside to cool, propped up on rack or inverted muffin tin, so that air gets beneath. Otherwise it may sour. When cool, add beaten whipped cream and flavoring. Put into can and freeze as usual to semi-hard. This is a fine, fool-proof ice cream; it is also expensive and rich. 1½ quarts.

Much is heard of a FRENCH VANILLA ICE CREAM, another basic recipe:

2 c. scalded milk

5 egg yolks, slightly beaten

½ c. sugar

1/8 tsp. salt

2 c. heavy cream

1 Tbs. Vanilla

Mix sugar, salt, egg yolks. Pour on half-cooled milk, stirring constantly. Cook in double boiler (over hot water) until mixture coats spoon. Cool. Strain. Add cream and vanilla. Freeze. 1½ quarts.

BASIC GELATIN ICE CREAM

3 c. thin cream (half & half)

¾ Tbs. plain gelatin or ½ pkg Jello

4 Tbs. water: Cold if gelatin is used; hot if Jello is used.

few grains salt

1 c. hot scalded milk

¾ c. sugar

1 Tbs. Vanilla

Dissolve plain gelatin in cold water (or dissolve Jello in hot water). Add whichever to the milk, dissolving all completely. Strain, then add all other ingredients. Freeze. 1½ quarts.

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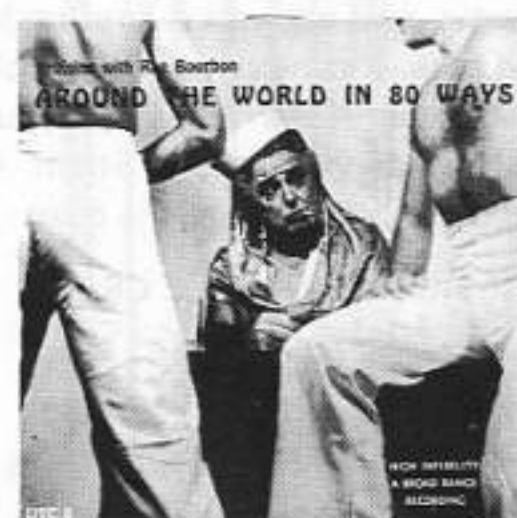
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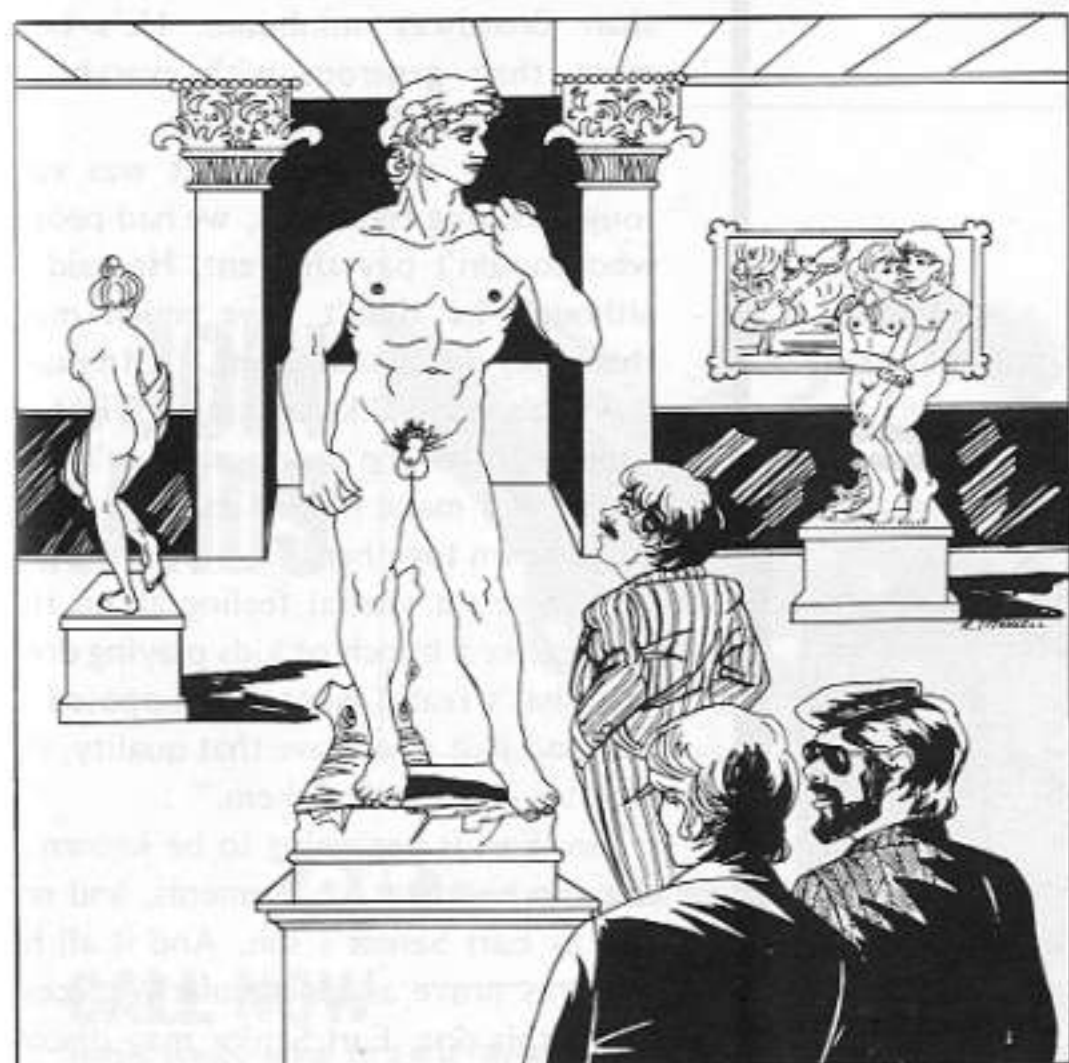
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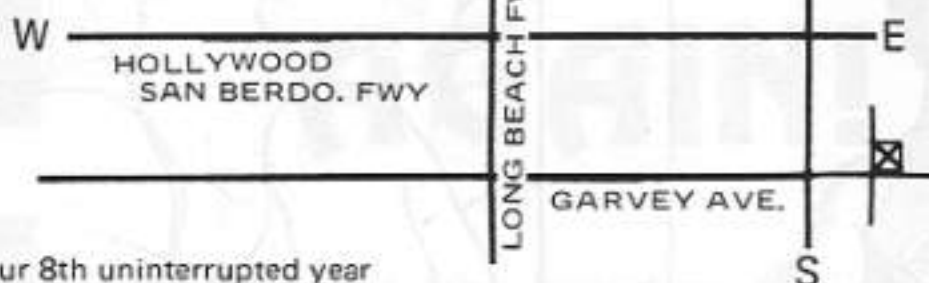
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scratch—in most cases working around them—what they believed and didn't believe in. I think that's the best way to write a show—or at least a revue.

"Even before we were successful, the experience of creating with a really lovely, healthy bunch of human beings . . . if it had failed, I'd still have been proud to have been involved. It was healthy for me, and I think it must have been healthy for them.

"Of course, a lot of this had to do with Phil. His whole lifestyle is, 'I want to be successful but not if it's going to be a negative hassle, a lifestyle I don't want. I'd rather be poor and struggle than have to go through all the negative nonsense. . . .'

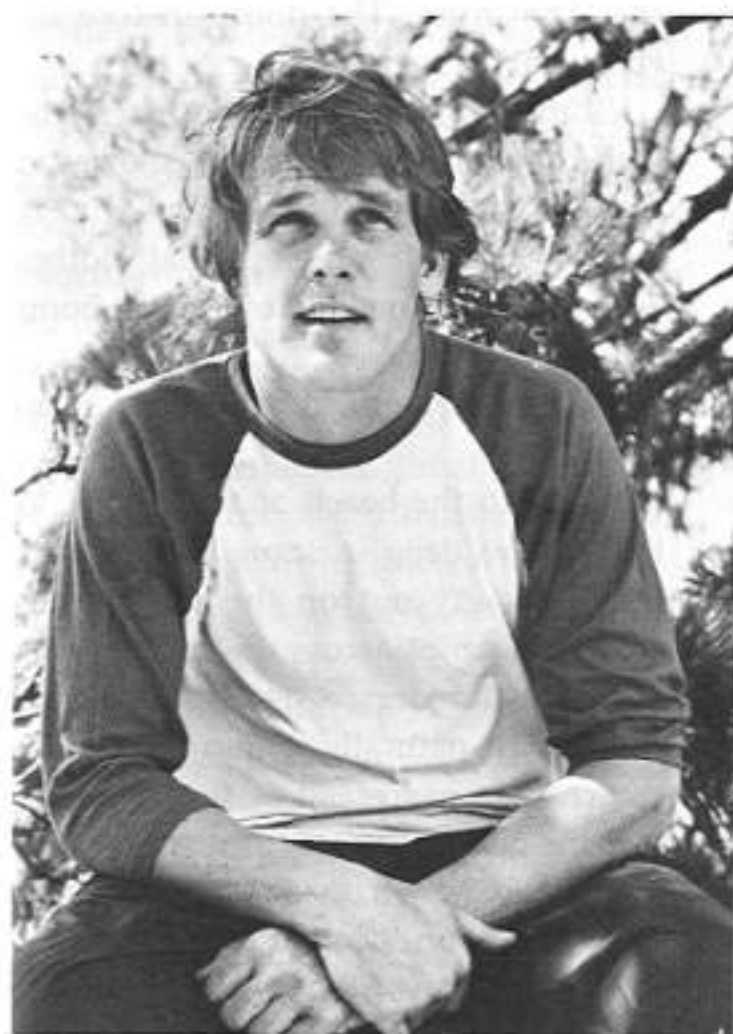
"And Phil had the rough position. He's the producer and the director. The one with power to hire and fire, and say, 'Do it my way or you're out.' It's easier for me. I'm just the composer. I don't have the responsibilities. Nobody has to be afraid of me. And I think the cast likes me. He expects the cast to hate him, but I think they like him quite a lot. . . .

"You should only know what he's done for this cast that they don't even know. . . . We started out as a nonprofessional company. But now, as I understand it, they're all making more money than Broadway minimum. He's been more than generous with everybody. Almost to a fault, I would say.

"All the way through it was very tough. During rehearsals, we had people who couldn't pay the rent. He paid it, although he didn't have much more than they did at that point. . . . In many ways it's really like a family. Tight. 'I happen to be the producer. You're the actors. If I make it, you make it. Or we all go down together.'

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and the shaping of his reply to it.

"I'm a very mellow person really. I live day by day and moment by moment. The future has very little to do with the present. I'd like to buy a ranch

in the Malibu Hills and just commune with nature and my five dogs."

"Tell me about them."

"Penny's an all-black Shepherd and Irish Setter. Sea Breeze is a Shepherd I found in Griffith Park. Little Dog is a Shepherd-Husky present from C.J. and I've got two poodles—Torey Hondo who is brown and Pudis Khablis who is white. I'm really into animals. They're a kind of psychic trip for me. You see, we understand each other. Five cats sleep on my roof, two mother cats and three babies. They're all alley calicos with no names. I just call them my roof cats. I've got a mourning dove, Pearlie, who's a free-flyer. She flies out at night and comes home in the morning. The first time she did I was really freaked out by it. I have tropical fish, too many to name, and they all swim in a big 80-gallon, high-topped tank. I once caught rattlers for the fun of it and let 'em go. Never milked 'em. Just caught 'em for the sport of it. At one time, I kept large snakes as a hobby. My life has always been mixed up with animals. They're part of what makes me tick. A guy who doesn't enjoy animals, watch out!"

"What kind of food do you like?"

"I'm basically vegetarian. I like herbs in my diet. I pick stuff like Mormon tea in the desert. When I lived in Phoenix, I planted the castor bean plant in front of my house. Planted it about two feet apart. After a year, it grew to a height of 40 feet with big trunks. They grow like bamboo and form a real jungle. You couldn't see my house through a forest of green, bronze and purple color."

Nick smiled a broad grin and flashed some of the pearliest teeth this side of the Rockies.

"I'm a very honest person. For instance, in *Picnic* they were using colored water for liquor. The feeling you get from alcohol was completely missing and the scene had a false ring. At my own expense, I decided to substitute the *real* thing in the prop bottle."

"And the cast cheered up immediately, I'll wager."

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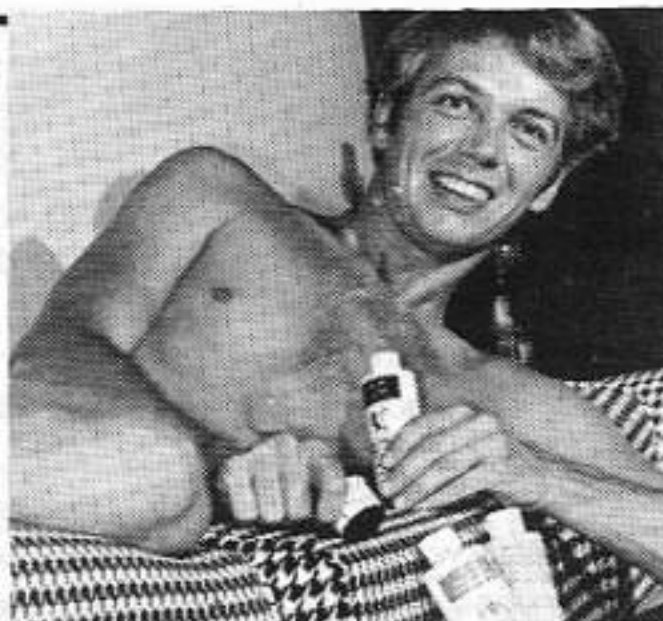
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"There was really no reason *not* to drink the *real* thing."

Nick and I walked into the lobby of the Ahmanson. The doorman tore our *Porgy and Bess* tickets.

"I'm not into seeing other actors work. I don't go to many movies or plays. I don't go to first nights. I'm no fashion plate. I prefer casual clothes. This show will be kind of a social bonus for me."

"What do you do in your spare time?"

"I go to the beach or the woods. I'd like to live deep in some impenetrable jungle or way out on the desert where the wind whips across the rocks. I feel, to a certain degree, fate controls my life. I exist naturally within the circumstances I'm in instead of trying to control the circumstances to fit me. I'm not a rebel really. What's an image? Be honest with yourself, that's my motto. I can't say the world will be honest with me because I have no control over the world. You see?"

"I see . . . I think."

The lights dimmed and the conductor raised his baton. And the Overture to *Porgy and Bess* began.

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the most sanctimonious and self-righteous individuals frequently have skeletons in their own closets. Richard Erdman is very funny as a conservative businessman who operates as leader of his hometown film review board, is horrified by his son who produces "blue" movies, yet finally reveals that he has answered ads in the sex columns of underground newspapers. Johanna de Winter is delightful as his frustrated wife, and J. Stephen White, Merry Rockwell, Jan Stratton and a few others contribute to the frivolity of the evening. Edward Parrone directed smoothly and kept things on the go.

—DOUGLAS DEAN

As Shakespeare has so oftentimes said: "Some are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them."

In the case of Tim (Romeo) Matheson, who also plays the tiny role of Ned Pains in the Old Globe's production of *Henry IV, Part Two*, director Edward

Payson Call has opted for the latter by presenting him in the nude. This daring stunt shifts the values of the play to the point where the prostitute scene becomes the focus of the first act and simply everybody at intermission was buzzing about it. Actually, you don't need your codpiece in the hay and prostitutes Jennifer Henn and Leila Sardagna plus the audience are luckier for it. The end result was that opening night several affronted members of the cream of San Diego society departed midway and the critic behind me spun like a top in his seat in anticipation of the second act. I think if Will got wind of this, he would return from his grave and present himself at the box office. However, there was no more of that forthcoming for the balance of the evening.

This three-hour, historical pageant telescopes ten years of English history from the Battle of Shrewsbury in 1403 until the accession of Henry the Fifth in 1413. It is not one of the Bard's major efforts and it sprawls disgracefully, lacking an epicenter. Yet this version is studied with brilliant performances. It has

the perfect Falstaff in Victor Buono who first played it here in 1962 and who physically needs no padding for the part. His voice is rich, resonant and of excellent timbre and his grasp of every nuance of this hearty, meaty role is a joy. Equally fine is Eric Christmas' Justice Shallow. Mr. Christmas is a San Diego professor of Elizabethan Theatre. How lucky for him, a superbly gifted actor, to be able to play the great roles like Malvolio and Shallow in his off-hours. Penelope Fuller's Doll Tearsheet is marvelous, all low Cockney and gutter wiles, which only proves that a fine actress must be properly cast if she is to shine. (Her Juliet is best left for the daws to peck at.) Lois Foraker's Mistress Quickly (inaccurately labeled Hostess in the program) conforms to the usual high standards she invariably sets for herself and Barry Kraft's Pistol is a gem of knockabout swagger. His use of his belt-end as a phallic symbol to intimidate Doll Tearsheet is a high point in bawdiness, even for the Bard of Avon. Wiley Harker and John Glover are unfortunately cast as Henry IV and the

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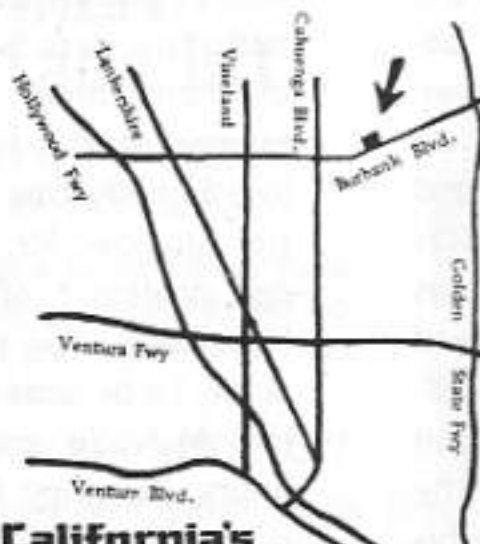
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Prince of Wales, two vitally important roles. Neither actor fleshes out his part nor possesses the necessary dramatic equipment to convey the grandeur of Shakespeare's verse. None of the play has been ellided and the final death scene between these two is thoroughly lackluster, dragging on until I heard bells. Then I knew the cows had come home.

Madrigals are liberally interspersed throughout the play. They are done with skill, charm and a quaint air of authenticity. Once again, Peggy Kellner's costumes are masterful. We know how inimitably she can glitter with brocade and satin. When she is called upon to go the other way (Henry IV, Part Two is filled to the bursting point with street people like Peter Bullcalf, Ralph Mouldy, Simon Shadow and Thomas Wart), she conjures up a state of grimy seediness that creates a matchless ambience for the roughhouse mood of this tapestry of kings.

"I'm on My Way to the Top!" sings 21-year-old David Cahalan as he climbs the ramp of steps at the Carter Centre Stage in San Diego. And truer words were never sung. For his Sebastian is a meteor streaking across the skies of stardom in this revival of the Donald Driver rock musical, *Your Own Thing*. This brilliant young Irishman is the proud possessor of a first-rate tenor-baritone which he uses skillfully and wisely without apparent effort. He achieves maximum results with it, always on pitch, and with true brio. All this is wedded to a splendid frame and as fair a visage as e'er was ta'en for Viola on a Twelfth Night. "The Middle Years" is a mid-point blessing from David's throat as is his finale with Oblivia, "Don't Leave Me." Moving with grace through Charles L. Vernon's sinuous choreography, there is apparently nothing Mr. Cahalan cannot do. Not so the Orson of Michael Byers. An irritating stringbean in a grape-colored jumpsuit, Mr. Byers is invariably a half-note off and, instead of playing a role, he is forever on exhibition. As Viola, Robin Taylor is a matchless gymnast whose cartwheels, pinwheels and tumbling bring a free-wheeling esprit to the performance. Like David, this is her first professional chance and she is eager to please and score with it. Perhaps a mite too much

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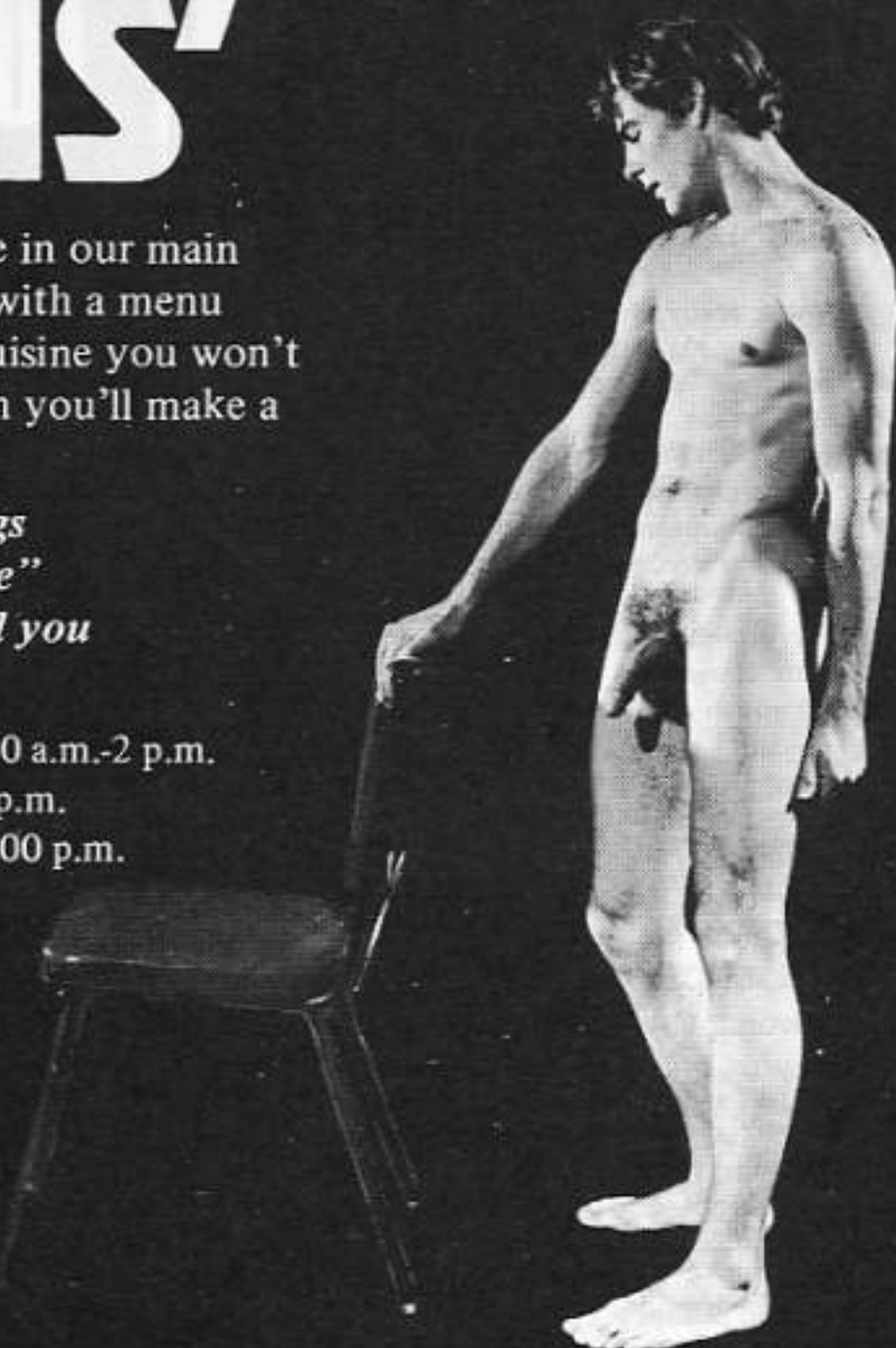
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so, as her voice goes thin and scratchy in the high registers and her unbounding Betty Hutton enthusiasm wears a trifle thin. However, her rendition of "What Do I Know?", a lovely ballad, is stunningly on-target. As the statuesque, sultry siren, Oblivia, Nada Howand is a powerhouse of talent. She is a smashing looker on the order of Liz Renay and she can sing up a sizable storm. She brings a sense of genuine class to "The Thirteenth House."

As the trained nurse in drag, Charles W. Mark is often hysterically funny. Married and the father of a two-year-old daughter, Mr. Mark is built like a tackle for the Los Angeles Rams. His powerful legs encased in white medical hose ending in high heels of the same color, he sports a prim baretta in his hair and a voice to match. In such a role he is a rarity for he convulses without being pushy. Parody is a tricky thing. It collapses under pressure and Mr. Mark knows where the boundaries are. The stage setting for this production in the round is a series of pale turquoise spirals with a diamond of neon lights winking down on the playing area. Merry mayhem is often achieved, particularly when the dinosaur runs amok and the actors flash up and down the runways, bursting through curtains of tinfoil ribbons. A trio of rock musicians, The Apocalypse, hovers about the pit orchestra strumming electric guitars and I have my reservations about them. They are not particularly adroit, they are under-amplified and they rather get in the way.

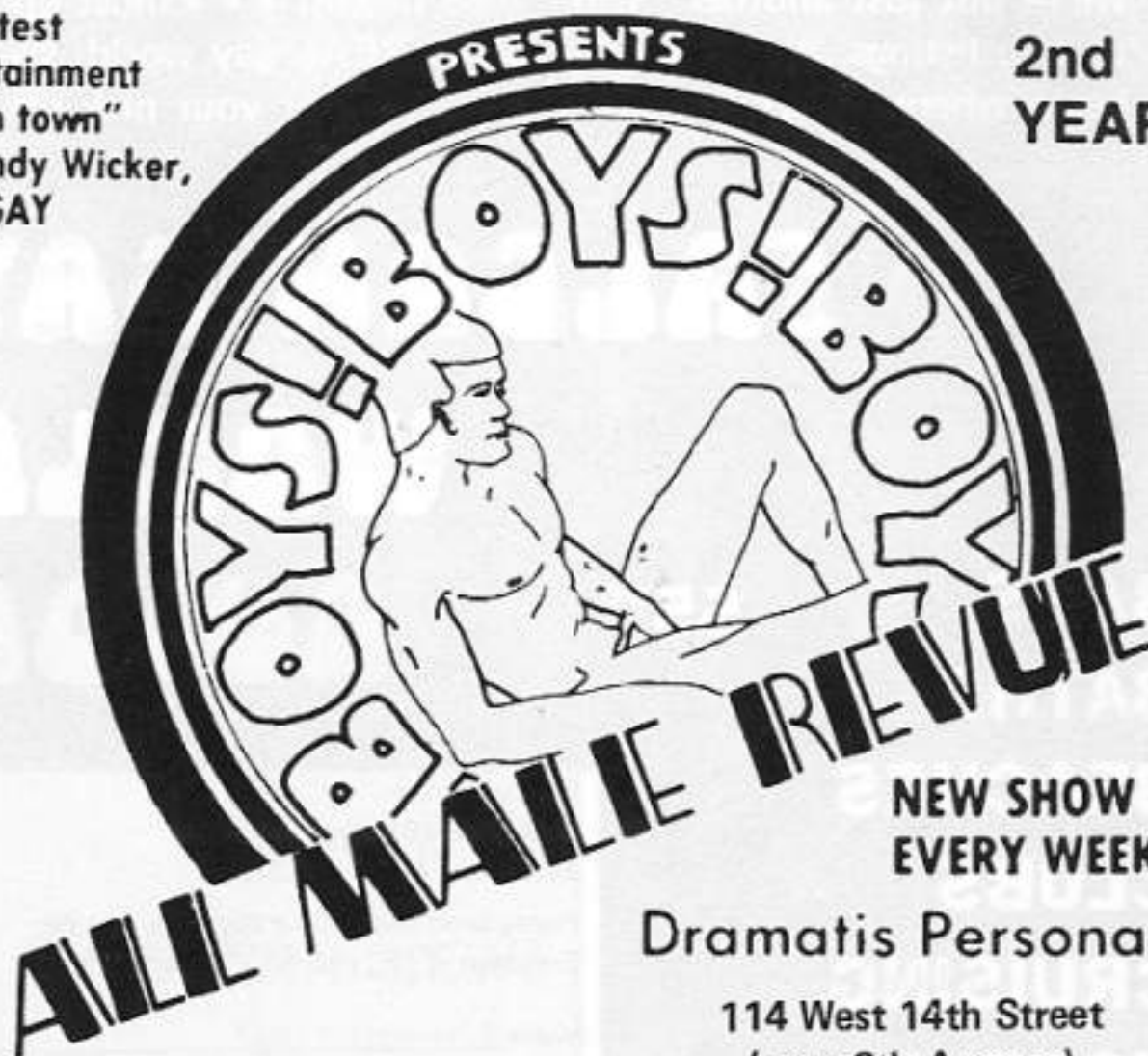
Charles L. Vernon's direction is often guilty of the same thing. It is overly fussy, frequently desultory and unsure of what it is trying to convey. More often than not, the principals are left high and dry, to their own devices. The book by Donald Driver has dated somewhat. It is no longer novel or particularly pertinent to anything. In the case of Peggy Kellner's tight, futuristic zipsuits, they proved to be a health hazard for Viola and Sebastian. Airtight, both principals sweated profusely into them and they pressurized with clammy wetness. Running offstage into the icy blast of the air conditioners, they came down with laryngitis. On the whole, *Your Own Thing* remains an experimental musical piece that is only intermittently effective.

—ALLAN LEOPOLD

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know about that fascinating phenomenon from Dealey Plaza to Watergate Plumbers Union has as yet to be told. The Parallax View, however, flirts with that tale with an innocence that should only be characterized as vulgar or ignorant. But like Daisy Miller it is done with ever so much moist style. A moist film? Unlike *Executive Action*, which was intelligent and dry, The Parallax yarn is a moist and sticky web of cowardice and ignorance. It is entertaining but then so are carnivals. Yet carnivals do not set out to attack the Warren Commission Report.

If Parallax were not entertaining, it would be arrogant indeed, I suppose. Its implicated statements are infinite, its statements come down to one, but even that is vague because it leaves the question open. The question, of course, was open already. I imagine there are people that still go to this kind of film. And it isn't hard to imagine that they will be talking about all the implications of The Parallax Society. Over cocktails they will discuss the loose threads of the Watergate coverup and try to tie them to that great mass of loose threads: The Warren Commission Report. After all, this is ever so much the stylish time for such revelations. Don't you know that Parallax is ever so an important film as to not be missed by those in the know.

Will the real exploiter please stand up! Alan J. Pakula has been making hay out of social causes for some time now but always before there was a degree of sensitivity, though not completely innocent sensitivity. At least it came with as much grace as a gentleman of quality conducting himself at a radical chic premiere opening of a ban-the-bomb film. (What a better place to learn that money can't buy everything.) Pakula does influence us all with his calm approach. He is so polite that no one need worry that anything being said, no matter how outrageous, will be said in a harsh tone. His forte is in smoothly showing us a problem and then backstepping away with a bow, fading with comments that become more and more safe and less and less relevant until he has backed into the corner, at which time he stands proud and says, "There, haven't I been boldly honest?"

No. Parallax states simply that there

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is a problem in such and such an affair. Then, vaguely hinting at the problem, it never comes to the point. The point is that the only thing that should have been assumed was the responsibility of formulating the question. *The Parallax View* is an exciting exploitation of a painful phenomenon with slick grace. It arouses outrage without offending anyone.

Who knows where a film like this goes wrong. My suspicion is that it never had it. Alan J. Pakula's *Sterile Cuckoo* is one of the most beautiful films I can remember besides *To Kill a Mockingbird*, which he produced for Robert Mulligan in '62. BUT! Both of those films with all their extreme human tenderness backed away from the very social issues with which they were dealing.

All-American longhair star, Warren Beatty, is no J.J. Gittles chasing corruption into Chinatown, but he is certainly contemporary and convincing as a new young investigative reporter in the muck of a coverup. He is a beautiful man. He is a hero. We can identify with him. That's why I felt shot down by *Parallax*.

Hume Cronyn is probably one of the most popular character actors, ever since the days that they made all those original detective stories. As Mr. Beatty's boss, the city editor, he gives one of his greater performances. Since his film debut in '43, the same year he made *Lifeboat*, Hume Cronyn has been the object of the audience's contempt, fear, and sympathy. In *Parallax* he is beloved, the last of the independent editors.

Warren Beatty has a love object in this one. The tall and languid Ms. Ragusa (Paula Prentiss), who is also a reporter, a lady reporter, not as healthy as Lois Lane but just as able to get in trouble. Maybe she knows who did it? She isn't around long. A brief performance, a triumph of acting in a few gasps of screen time. Just enough to set a fire under our hero, who sets out to get at the bottom of this. Goodbye Charlie.

After a long, drawn-out explanation of the problem that *The Terminal Man* deals with, we are thrown into a spiraling string of spine-tingling moments of suspense and violence. Photographically superb, a well-orchestrated choreography of archtypes, a highly imaginative piece of editing, *The Terminal Man* rambles about its ideas like an android with

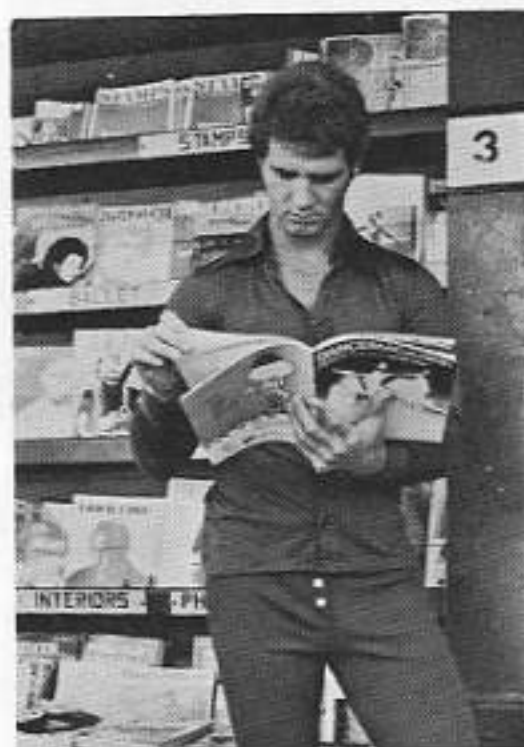


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one wire loose. The Terminal Man shows us the dilemma. Visually it is powerful but the story as projected on the screen lacks the integrity of much forethought. Perhaps a film like this should not be adapted from the written word. Perhaps, as Kubrick often does, the material should be told completely through visuals. Something has held The Terminal Man back. It is irresponsibly aimless in its continuity of thought to action. This would only be a minor failure if it were not for the importance of the issue and if it were not for the commercial mass audience appeal it was obviously designed to fill. The production design is great but stands alone. I thought George Segal's performance in *King Rat* was great but here he seems almost amateurish, rather awkwardly unconvincing.

There is one scene where he rises to brilliancy, along with Joan Hackett. He has had his terminals implanted and they begin the examination to see how well they function. Miss Hackett, his psychological counselor, questions him about how he feels while the boys up in the control room play with his terminals. The scene is handled beautifully and is one of the longest sustained moments of poignancy on film.

All the elements for a great film are there, but they just roll around mindlessly. The ending rolls out right at the end and that's nice. As scripted it is magnificent and nothing could have ruined its nightmarish impact. Still, The Terminal Man fails to exploit this most powerful element as well as it should have. Imagine the image of a man driven off and on mad by terminals implanted in his head by them as he climbs into the grave of the priest he had killed when his wires were crossed to on, and looking up from this fresh grave, seeing a police helicopter—like an angel of death—hovering over him with a marksman perched and aiming down. He fights to hold back from going into one of those para-epileptic robot fits so that his last few moments of life before being shot by them might be conscious ones. But the helicopter does not look like an angel of death. It looks like traffic watch. The visual design of the film consistently points to the police as being them. This one strand has continuity throughout the film.

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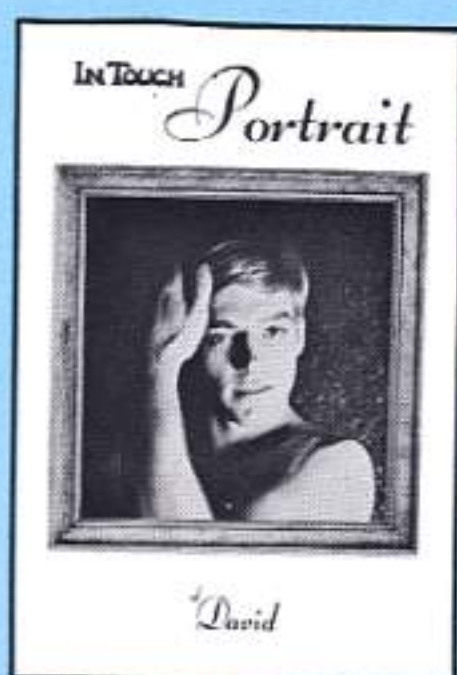
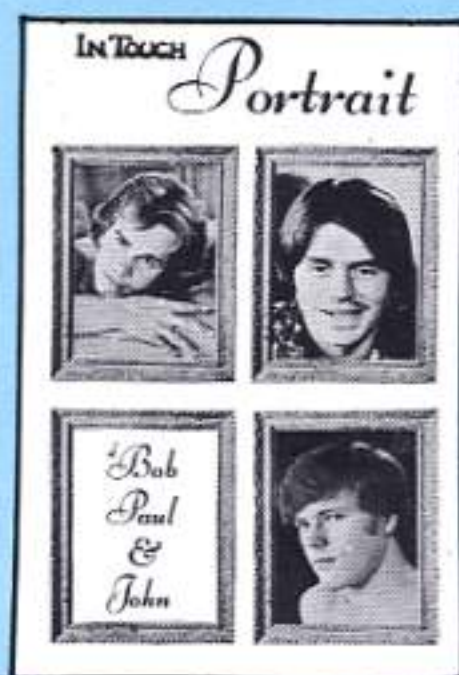
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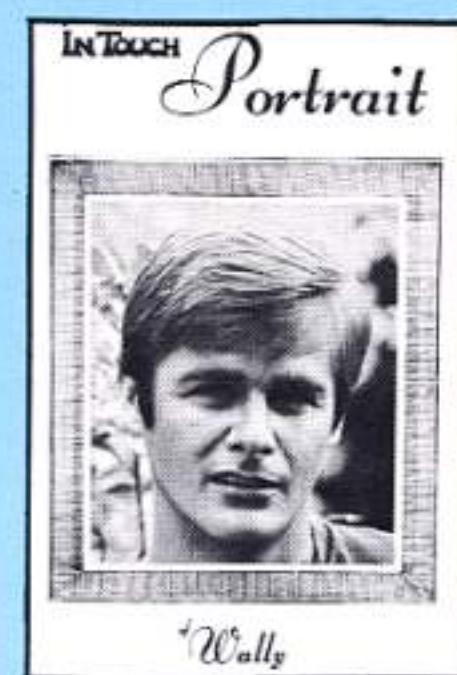
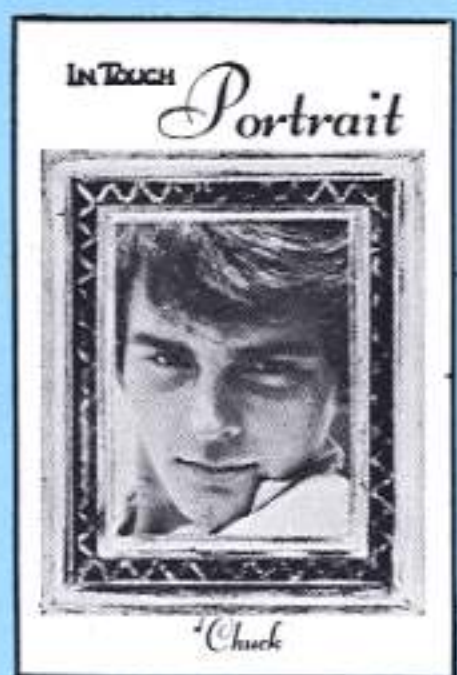
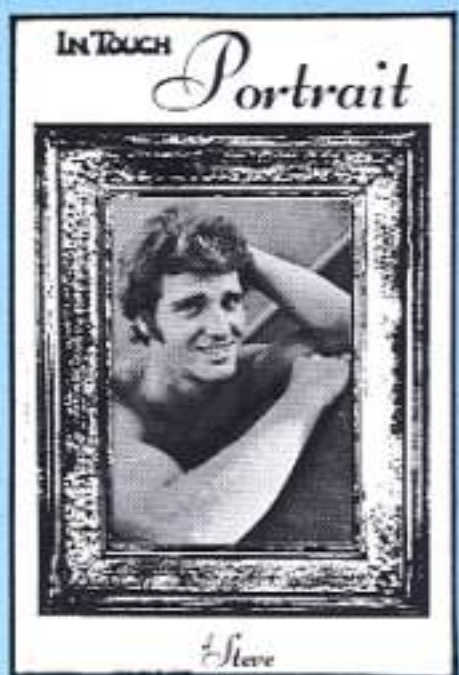
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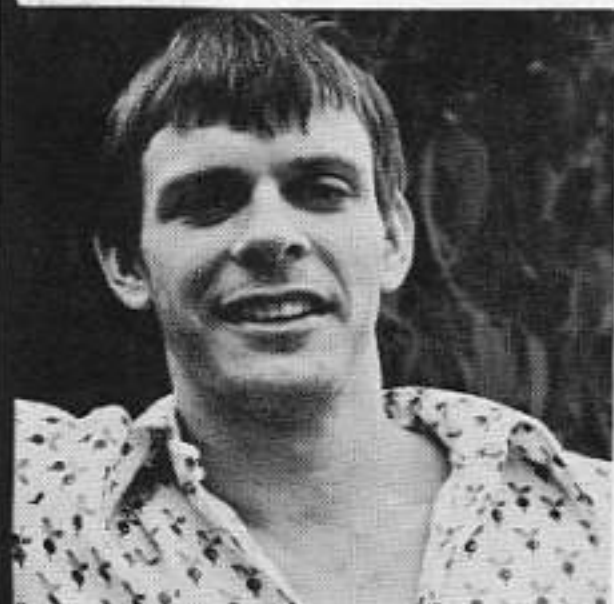
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PERSONALITY: Marc Singer is the latest star to emerge from the ACT Repertory Company where his work has ranged from leading man to character actor to performances in drag. Don't be misled, however, as this dashing, striking figure is all man.

RISING STARS: Folk-rock singers Michael Cohen and Steven Grossman have created considerable impact in the recording industry and are beginning to receive national attention. They are upfront Gays with a gay message that includes all of humanity.

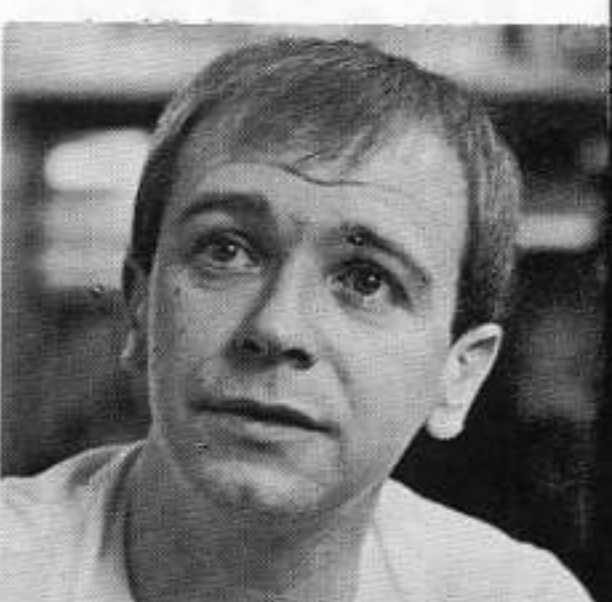
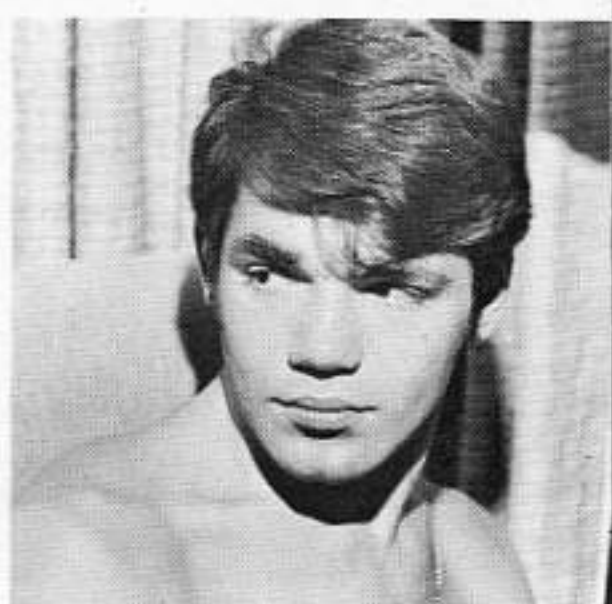
COMMUNITY LEADER: Terence McNally is the author of last season's *Bad Habits* and his new play, *Tubs*, opens on Broadway shortly. He is a member of a circle of playwright/friends which includes Edward Albee.

DISCOVERY: San Diego brought us Dennis Coats although we actually met him through Brawn Products for whom he has worked as a model. Quiet and affable, this handsome young man is both a mover and quite moving.

FASHION: Underwear is the subject for our anniversary fashions and the models are a review of most of our past issues and a preview of the November fashion models.

LEISURE: IN TOUCH takes a motorcycle trip around the San Luis Obispo area with a former major league baseball player, Rick Lewis, and his brother.

PLUS: A life-styles article by Jim Kepner, a year's-end roundup of the New York Theatre, a special report on two very successful gay plays from Toronto and Washington, D.C., a visit to the Golden State Rodeo, and our usual array of good news.



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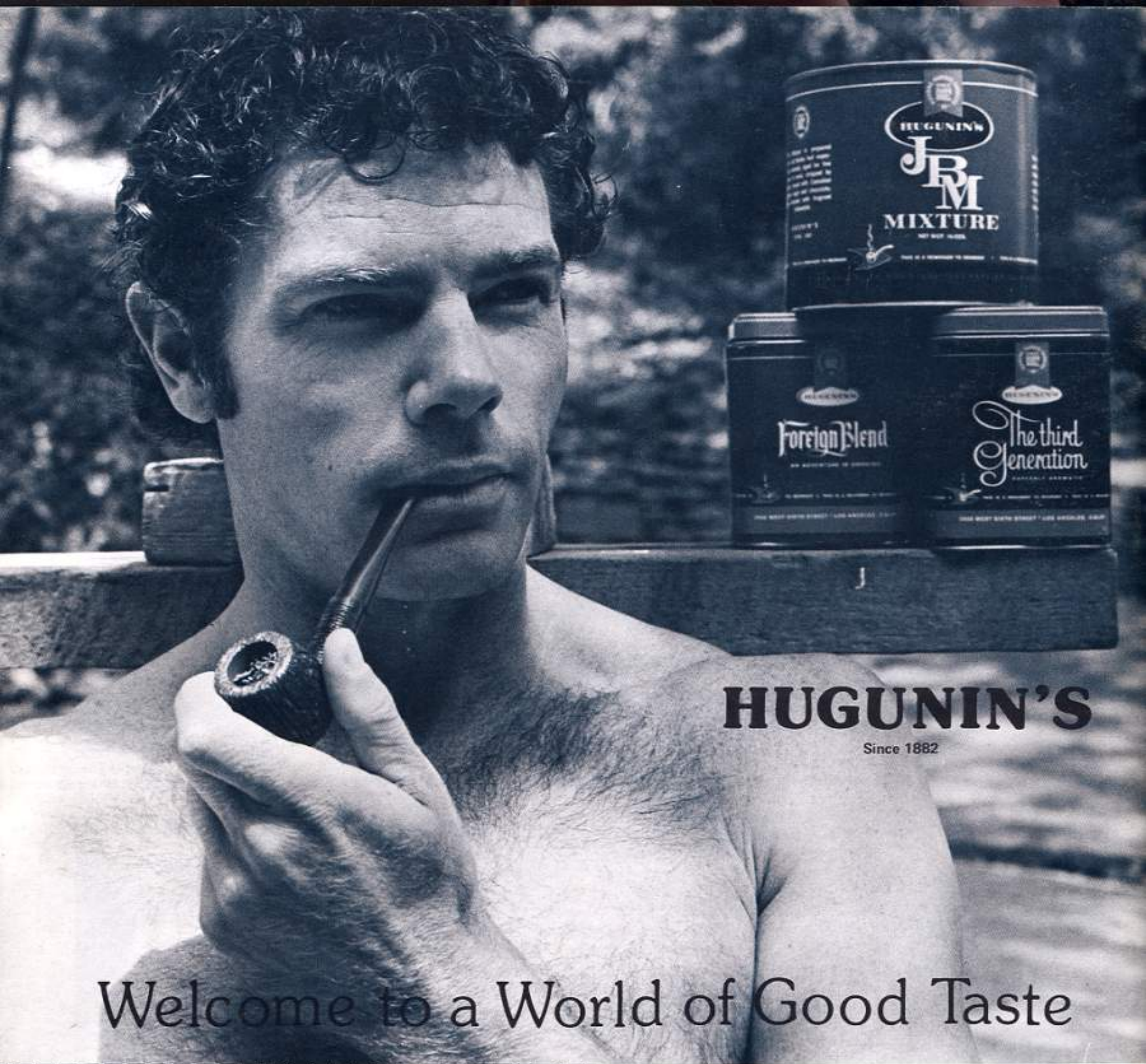
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